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Ernest Scott

ROUGH AND SMOOTH.

A Nobel

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“RECOLLECTIONS OF A FRENCH MARCHIONESS.”


“The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them.”

Macbeth.

IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

T. C. NEWBY, LONDON.

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ROUGH AND SMOOTH.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was a degree of excitement very unusual to the ordinarily well-conducted, gloomy Gower-street, on one morning in May, 1823. And no wonder—there was a wedding! The joy-bells of old Saint Giles' had rung out their merriest peal; and now, at the neighbouring bed-room windows, the maids were on the alert, and with protruded heads, bedecked in best caps and ribbons, seemed to cast reflections on the males beneath.

It required no extraordinary amount of penetration to determine the *locus in quo* of present curiosity. Opposite to No. — were drawn up two flys, a glass-coach, a seedy chariot, and a very richly appointed curriole. The snorting, pawing thorough-breds of the latter with their silver furniture, and the diminutive “Tiger,” who stood at their heads with his hand just reaching the bits, presented a strong contrast to the sleepy hacks and hired drivers of the former. It was the difference of High and Low life—the “Tiger” felt it, and kept aloof.

At that house, a party was assembled to do honor to the nuptials of a young couple, who had on that day—like other victims braving the world’s experience—consented to forego single blessedness for the lottery of married life.

In the street was the usual *melée* attendant on London weddings. The bell-ringers, the elected beadle, the hereditary sexton of the parish, were applying at the door for their gra-

tuities. The butcher's boys, the baker's ditto, and tag-rag females were trying to peep over the window-blinds of the dining-room; a band of dissolute-looking miscreants armed with drum, oboe, clarionet and French horn, who only appear on such occasions (how they find out the weddings, and where they come from has always been a matter of conjecture) took up their position, and rent the air with their discordant productions of "Haste to the Wedding," "What can the matter be," and other appropriate tunes. To add to the confusion, a little Savoyard, with his hurdy-gurdy, was jumping and shouting on the pavement, and Mr. Punch, who knows well the value of a nuisance at such a moment, was chirruping with all his might, and hitting "the gentleman in black" awful whacks on the head.

On that eventful day—so pregnant with interest to those concerned—Ellen Moreton had bestowed her milk-white hand on the object of her choice—one Adrian Horn, a fair-

spoken and comely young man. They were now seated, side by side, at table, doing duty at that most uncomfortable of all repasts—the wedding breakfast.

Mrs. Moreton, the widowed mother, sat at the top of the table, having on her right the Rev. Tobit Smirke, the curate of the parish, and friend of the family, in virtue of which double capacity he had read the marriage service, in a sepulchral tone, over the young people. The arduous but pleasing duty of proposing their healths likewise devolved upon the reverend gentleman, and if he labored in his vocation as much as he did in delivering himself of those few short sentences, he must have been a hard working man and a credit to his cloth.

Occupying the other post of honor, on Mrs. Moreton's left, sat an old man of remarkable name and make, and of fashion peculiarly his own. It was Mr. Gombochick, of the house of Gombochick Stuggery and Co., the extensive

timber-merchants. He had ever been considered the *inutile lignum*, and was the *sleeping* partner of the firm. His face was not very extensive, for the fulness thereof had descended to his chin, which was ponderous, voluminous, like a comforter (in one sense) round his throat. This weight from below had the effect of dragging down the corners of his eyes and mouth, which gave him the expression of continually crying, wherefore he had been over-run with invitations to funerals, which he generally attended as chief mourner. Were it not for the old man's bloated appearance, unsuitable for a *grave* man, he might have combined the part of mute likewise, for he was seldom known to utter a syllable.

But he never went now unaccompanied by his wife, for on one occasion, whilst attending the obsequies of a defunct friend, he leant against the wall of the vault and fell asleep, and was locked up until he was missed !

She sat by his side on the present occasion,

(a little sharp woman, all angles) and was repeatedly nudging his elbow.

This gentleman's forehead was low, presenting little scope for phrenological developments; the bushy eye-brows might be said to have had a hair-breadth escape of effecting a junction with the stragglers on the roof. One button of his coat had a hard time of it across his chest, the others were evidently only for ornament, so that as he sat at table he had much the figure of an extinguisher. He had been a friend of the late Mr. Moreton, and was a co-trustee of the bride's fortune, in conjunction with him who was doing the honors at the bottom of the table.

This was Mr. Hoskyns, a very different sort of personage. A healthy, robust man, of benignant aspect, fresh-colored cheeks, a smooth, shiny, bald head, powdered at the sides, but no stray specks apparent upon his collar. He wore a white neck-cloth, and white waistcoat, and white trousers for this gala occasion, and

he was a style of man, although you could not see his extremities, you would swear always wore gaiters. He was a merchant, and looked like a prosperous one. He was the great man of the *fête*, and when the speeches were made, he was addressed as "Mr. Vice." He drank wine with all the company, not forgetting himself, beginning with old Gombochick, who was nudged for the occasion; and when his own health was drank, he replied in such neat and appropriate terms, as left no doubt in any reflecting mind, but that he was quite accustomed to that sort of thing.

Mr. Hoskyns was a lively man, but he was evidently a reflecting as well as a digestive animal; he was a man of business, and of course had plenty on his mind, as might be perceived from his relapsing into silence every now and then, in which moods he methodically rubbed his chin, as though he had made a bad shave that morning (but he hadn't); or he twisted the key of his ponderous watch-chain.

His eyes would then wander to the bride, and from thence to the young man who sat opposite to her; but they chiefly lighted upon him with a grave sort of expression, somewhat stern.

That young man was the bridegroom's "best man." What duties fall to the share of this functionary the canonical writers have not defined; but there he sat facing the happy couple, to all appearances the "best man." For he was a fine-looking fellow, tall, strong, and well-proportioned, but of a somewhat coarse mould. His hair was raven, and his eyes were very dark, with a fierce expression, but they did not stare you honestly in the face. He had a thin, curled, upper lip, and when he smiled, there was a display of fine teeth, but his smile was not pleasant—it was cynical, supercilious. He was dressed in the extreme of fashion, but with greater gaudiness than good taste. He was the owner of that gay curricule and those prancing steeds at the door. To sum up his

appearance, he would have made a perfect Brigand Chief for *tableaux vivants*, such was Miles Davenport.

His gaze was directed very earnestly on the *nouveau mariés*, he must have counted every mouthful, that was easy, perhaps, for persons in their interesting position are generally too nervous to eat—he must have heard every word they said, nay every whisper—that was hardly fair upon them.

His manner in addressing the bride or bridegroom was quite different to that which he adopted towards the rest of the company. To her or to him his tone was extremely deferential, and his smile almost cringing. To the other guests he replied with some *hauteur*; there was an evident show of superiority whenever he addressed them. But he was Adrian Horn's "best man," and his great friend, and he knew little or nothing of the other *convives*.

There were others there, of course, whom it

is not necessary for our purpose to specify, two pretty simpering bridesmaids, the prettiest of the twain being Miss Hoskyns, a daughter of the Vice, beautifully dressed, school-fellows of Ellen; they blushed very much when their healths were proposed, and still more when they were told that the youngest was to return thanks. Everybody had known everybody there all his or her life—with the exception above-mentioned—and everybody declared that he had no hesitation in saying that he or she, as the case might be, was the most amiable creature in existence. Mr. Storke was there, the family apothecary, a gaunt man, tall and pale (Mrs. Moreton swore by him), he confidently asserted, and he defied contradiction, that having had the honour of the fair bride's acquaintance since she was a baby, he conscientiously averred that she was one of the healthiest young creatures he had ever attended! Two or three supernumeraries comprising a tabby or so, neighbouring chums of Mrs.

Moreton, will complete our list. It was wonderful how people laughed when Ellen was called by her new designation, "Mrs. Horn," it seemed such an admirable joke!

Mr. Davenport had consulted his watch more than once, but the hint was not taken; at length he ventured to remind his friend of the hour. Davenport had evidently partaken enough of the entertainment; he was a great speculator, and, maybe, had some city appointment to attend; at all events, his head was full of something. So the bride gave the signal and left the room, and her pretty maids-of-honor rushed out behind her, and young Horn went to make some arrangements for the journey.

The guests repaired to the drawing-room, with the exception of old Gombochick, who, fatigued with his exertions, had fallen asleep on his chair, and Davenport, who crossed his arms upon the window and whistled, and seemed intent upon his curriele.

The *coteries* up stairs discussed many persons and things; Miles Davenport afforded much food for their remarks; some looked knowing, and declared that he was a disappointed lover. Whilst others affirmed that he might have married her if he had wished, and they were not certain, between somebody and the post, (not that they would be quoted for worlds) that she might not have done better. They all agreed, however, that Davenport was a much better name than Horn.

“ But what’s in a name?” observed the Rev. Tobit.

“ A rose by any other name would smell as sweet !”

“ But after all, who is Mr. Davenport ?”

“ Ah ! who *is* Mr. Davenport ?” echoed the whole society.

“ Come now, Mr. Hoskyns, you know everything, tell us who is Mr. Davenport. He is new to the city, I understand, and some say he

is not as wealthy as he would give you to suppose !” said some one.

Mr. Hoskyns looked puzzled, and was beginning to observe that he could lay no claim to the distinction of knowing everybody or everything, in fact the longer he lived,—like the great Newton—the greater he discovered his ignorance; but the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Horn, in travelling costume, saved him from any further apologies. The bride looked charming; so elegantly and simply attired.

What affectation it is in those who pull down the blinds of their carriage, and pretend to seek retirement during the honey-moon, and yet hang out their orange-flower banners on their bonnets, and reduce themselves to walking advertisements of their *altered* condition.

“ God bless you young people !” exclaimed Mr. Hoskyns, “ I dare say you are both in a hurry to be off. We will give you a good cheer from the balcony.”

“ No, pray don’t, my good sir !” said Adrian, “ I think we had rather—that is, if—”

“ Fiddlesticks !” shouted the energetic merchant, “ all hands to the balcony !” and he threw up the sash and led the way.

There was a painful scene enacting on the staircase—the parting of mother and daughter ; sad experience dims the parent’s eyes with tears. The separation was for a very brief period, but in such a case the mother feels, doubtless, that her daughter has sworn to obey another, and that when the husband’s duties commence, her influence ceases.

A post chariot, hired for the occasion, was at the door ; the maid had already clambered up to the rumble, and the last band-box was snugly stowed away by the officious ostler.

“ Hoorah ! Hoorah !” roared Mr. Hoskyns from the balcony.

“ Brayvo, old ’un !” cried the boys in the street, and tossed their hats in the air—the band approached nearer, and struck up “ Happy,

happy pair"—the hurdy-gurdy was ground to the utmost—Mr. Punch's establishment exerted itself with increased vigour—Davenport rushed to the door and handed Mrs. Horn to the carriage—Adrian followed, looking half ashamed of the sensation he had occasioned—a sharp dig of the spurs, and a cut of the whip sent the post-screws off with a flourish, and away went Mr. and Mrs. Horn!

Mr. Davenport's curriele was next put in requisition, he jumped lightly in and dashed off at a glorious pace, without having taken the trouble of returning to the other guests. The obese timber merchant's slumbers were undisturbed, even by the waiters clearing away, and emptying down their throats the residue of the champagne; at length the shrill tones of his wife resounded in his ear and with the usual dig in the ribs he was awoke and carried off in one of the flies at the door. In due course of time the other flies found their occupants, and jolted them over the

stones to their destinations. The housemaids then withdrew their heads, their best caps were carefully laid by for the next occasion; they then betook themselves to their duties—emptying slops, and vigorously punching featherbeds into shape—and there was gloom again in Gower Street.

CHAPTER II.

BARE mention only, as yet, has been made of those who played the most conspicuous part in that morning's entertainment, our opening scene to the public—viz.—the bride and bridegroom ! They require a more formal introduction. Let's begin in *propria quæ maribus*.

Once upon a time there was a merchant named Horn ; he married a wife, who had the advantage of a good face, but with not much else to recommend her. He was supposed to be well to do in the world, for he was able to

live part of the year at a very pretty place of his own on the banks of the Thames.

Mrs. Horn had no wish for a family, but when a fine boy was born to her one day, the mother's feelings were awakened, and she hailed the new-comer with wild delight. The infant required all her care, for he proved delicate; he was a most *engaging* child as the nurse fully attested, for she declared she had no peace or rest, but he turned out a beauty, and Mrs. Horn felt exalted as she displayed her treasure to her admiring kinsfolk and friends.

This good lady had her weak points; she was vain. The patronymic of her husband even, offended her—it was not aristocratic! “Horn!” she would say, with a sneer, and she wondered how she could ever have resigned herself to such a name. She would have changed it, if she could. It was no consolation that her husband assured her that his family was old, and had held lands in Kent for

generations! Her prejudices were associated perhaps with "The Horns" of Kennington, or, for aught we know, with "The Russian Horn Band!" At all events, the term has generally more objections for the husband than the wife!

Mrs. Horn had determined to qualify, as far as lay in her power, the ill-favored surname to which her darling was heir, by pre-fixing the prettiest Christian name that she could. The selection gave her a world of trouble, and she thumbed the leaves of Shakespere and all the poems and romances that she could lay hands on, before she settled upon that of Adrian.

All that Mrs. Horn now required to crown her happiness was a help-meet for her pet-boy, in the shape of a beautiful little sister. How proud she would then be of such a pair! After that, her *ne plus ultra*, she fervently hoped that her productiveness might cease.

A part of her wishes was granted. She had but one more child, but that was another boy

a great bouncing fellow, who came into the world with a squall, and was not likely to leave it again without a monstrous hard struggle. He gave his mother a great deal of trouble at first, and none after, for he required no care; there was therefore not the same interest that existed in the case of the delicate first-born. The mother was thoroughly disappointed; in full expectation of a daughter, she had prepared the loveliest of names for her; she lamented that this new brat was not even a favorite of Providence, or it might have been caught up and made happier elsewhere!

Shakespeare and the novels and poetry-books were cast aside, and allowed to resume their former state of oblivion. The father, however, had bethought him of the name, and he expressed a wish that the new-comer might be called Richard, after an old friend of his in India, a certain Mr. Brown. The affectionate mother replied, that she really had not troubled her head about his name; she thought Richard a

very ugly one, but that it would do very well!

Years rolled on, and the brothers became little boys, and naturally great bores. When they were together, a row was sure to ensue; but no child could be better behaved than Master Adrian; as for poor Richard, he had no friends;—yes, one—Sally, the general servant—who took to him because nobody else would; but she, however, with all her partiality, could only affirm that he was a good boy—when he was asleep! Mrs. Horn's health became somewhat impaired, and her nerves were more sensitive; the little fellows were too much for her; and so they were both destined for a preparatory school. Mrs. Horn thought Adrian too delicate to leave home, and wished that Richard only should be despatched; but the father thought otherwise, so they had the advantage of fighting one another all the way to Blackheath.

The boys were as opposite in disposition as they were in appearance. Adrian was a pale, interesting-looking child, with very gentle manners, he alway looked very clean, a rare quality in the eyes of nurse-maids, and his mother always asserted that you could see that he was a gentleman's child at a glance! Now the other certainly was a common-looking, red-haired, square-built little rascal. He had already acquired the *soubriquet* of "Dirty Dick," he was never fit to be seen when the bell rang to summon them to the drawing-room, and the nurse had prognosticated that that "Richard would never come to no good!"

There was a reason, which has not been as yet mentioned, and that was, when Richard first made his unwelcome *début* in this sublunary sphere, Mrs. Horn, either from disinclination or inability, declined affording him those maternal advantages which she had bestowed so abundantly on his brother, consequently a foster-

mother was put in requisition for Master Richard, a healthy country wench, who lived not far from their villa on the Thames.

At school the little boys still maintained their characteristics. Adrian was esteemed by the master, for he gave little trouble, was quick at learning, and did credit to his instructions. Now the other was a naughty boy, often in mischief, and hated his books. He and the authorities were continually at logger-heads, and many a time at the *antipodes*. With his school-fellows he was a favorite; he was very generous in his dealings; and boys naturally feel an admiration at the dawn of a manly spirit.

But Adrian before long acquired a bad name in the school; he was proved to have told tales, and the boys began to bully him in consequence. Richard would not stand that; his warm blood fired up in a moment. "Touch me, touch my brother!" He warned them to insult his brother at their peril. Several

terrific combats were the consequence, in which he generally came off victorious. One urchin continued his taunts, and hit Adrian a cowardly blow; red-haired Dick—who happened to be handy—was at him in a moment, and administered such chastisement that the boy was carried senseless to bed. Master Richard was soundly flogged next morning, and sent home to his parents in the afternoon.

His social position was not improved by that move; he found "*domus et placens uxor*" anything but agreeable. Luckily, papa was out all day, so he skulked about the house and kept out of sight of fond mama. Whenever feasible, he effected a *sortie* at the back door, and got out to play with the boys. He longed for his brother to return for the holidays, for it was a dull life he was leading now, at best.

Mrs. Horn went away one morning, on purpose to bring Adrian home, and there was quite an excitement in the household on the day that he was to return. But Richard found

that this event produced no amelioration to him; on the contrary, the marked difference of the parents in their treatment of the two sons deeply wounded his feelings, and aggravated his lot. To be sure, on the first day they were both allowed to dine with their father and mother, Richard being specially admonished as to his face and hands, and conduct on the occasion. After dinner, Adrian displayed a book neatly bound in morocco, which he had won as a prize. This produced some very invidious and unjust remarks levelled at the unfortunate Richard, by Mr. Horn, who perhaps had not troubled himself to enquire into the facts of the dismissal of his younger son from "Mr. and Mrs. Shuffleton's Preparatory Academy for Young Gentlemen."

Richard was only detained at home until another school could be selected, nor was it long before he was despatched to one presided over by a Mr. Whackem—an unprepossessing name for a pedagogue. This establishment

comprised boys of larger calibre, so Dick retained his fighting reputation, although he often was severely pummelled in return. The master likewise entertained the opinion that a boy, particularly such a one as this—as also in two other instances which are proverbial—the more you beat him the better he'd be ! Little Dick had brought his character with him, and very special directions as to his treatment, in a letter from his father to Mr. Whackem, who appears to have given such satisfaction, that in due course of time, when Adrian had outgrown the prescribed age for the Shuffleton Seminary, he was consigned to the care of this worthy man for higher cultivation.

Dick was the best-hearted fellow imaginable ; he was now a great favorite, and he was delighted to welcome his brother once more as a school-fellow, although there was so little community of feeling between them ; in fact, Adrian was more like a finished little gentleman than a school-boy, and only required a

starched neck-cloth and a long-tailed coat to complete the character. Wherefore he became an especial butt, and a fit object of all bullying, despite his brother's presence.

Some of the boys had brought large plumb-cakes with them from home. One boy had fallen sick from a repletion of cake. Mr. Whackem apprehending that other boys might do the same, and that they sat up and ate their cakes at night, which they kept snugly stowed away in their boxes, made a seizure of these valuables, and deposited them, for safe custody, in his larder, intending to dole them out gradually.

This was pronounced the most abominable injustice, and unheard of tyranny. Such a thing was never known before at Whackem's—that the boys should be deprived of their cakes! Dick was furious; he proposed a plan for recovering the treasures, and letting old Whackem know that they were Britons, and not to be *done*! He communicated his project to some

of his chums, and the attempt was to be made that night.

The school was hushed for the night, and the lights extinguished in proper time. The conspirators were to arouse Richard, who slept in another apartment, when the time was ripe for the expedition. It seemed, however, to their wicked imagination, that it would be very good fun to play off a trick on "Mr. Finniken," as they had christened Adrian, and make him the scape-goat. So they stole quietly to Adrian's bed, and rolling him up in the sheet on which he lay, the poor boy, frightened out of his wits and sleep, received gentle hints that he had better not make a noise.

He was borne along as noiselessly as possible ; and it must be explained that there was an outside stair-case to their dormitories, which led to the garden, and the larder was close by at the back door of the kitchen. When they had descended, they unrolled the mummy-like figure, and presenting him with the key (of

which they had previously somehow surreptitiously possessed themselves) they ordered him to unlock the larder and bring out the cakes. The trembling victim refused for some time, and even tried to make a bolt, but it was to no purpose, and perceiving that measures were being precipitated for enforcing obedience, he did as he was ordered. The young rascals relieved him of his burden, and having recapitulated to him the dreadful punishment and agonizing tortures which would be inflicted on him, if he dared to whisper a word of the transaction, they slipped up the steps as quickly as possible, leaving him to follow.

Richard was then aroused, to attend the feast in their room; but when he learned that the fun was over, his own project acted upon in his absence, he was violently enraged and indignant. During the lengthened discussion that ensued, old Whackem made his appearance in the centre of the group!

He said little (it was quite enough) he was

quite understood, and his words were full of direful import. Whackem, in his night-cap was a spectre awful to contemplate !

Next morning, after prayers, the names of all those in that dormitory were called over, and were arrayed for judgment before Whackem's tribunal. As they arose, Adrian received a few significant glances from the conspirators.

"Now, my fine fellows," that was the masters's favorite expression whenever he intended mischief, "now then, my fine fellows," he repeated, looking his worst, "who put you up to this consummate piece of wickedness, such as the laws of our common country would take cognizance of as burglary—as a felonious entry into an enclosed—hem—an enclosed larder, who are the ringleaders ?"

No answer, of course.

"I pause for a reply," resumed the pompous, sententious Whackem, looking round. "No honest voice among you ? then I must sentence the whole lot to bread and water, and confine-

ment to school, until somebody speaks! Retire to your stools with ignominy. *Ignotum pecus!*"

The next morning at the same hour, the same ceremony was gone through, with the addition of one of Whackem's best rods being placed somewhat ostentatiously on his desk.

"Now, my fine fellows," he began, "if you are not yet starved into honorable feeling, we must try if Doctor Birch, in addition to low dietary, will elicit your sweet voices. Prepare to be flogged all round."

Adrian began to cry; it certainly was hard, very hard upon him, so it was upon Richard.

"Yes," continued the implacable judge, "I was sorry to see *you* mixed up in this nefarious transaction. Horn major, I had hoped better things of *you*."

Adrian whimpered again—Richard could bear this no longer, he stepped boldly forth, even up to the awful desk!

"Please, sir," said he, "I planned it—"

"You did, you young rascal, did you? I thought as much—"

"That is, sir—"

"Not a word, sir," roared out the infuriate master, "you are adding insolence to crime!"

As quick as thought he rushed at the boy, and seizing him by the collar of his jacket, flogged him all round the room. Dick fell to the ground; when he recovered his feet, he made a rush at the door, but his pursuer was on his heel,—brought him up and belaboured him again. Dick felt less inclined than ever to cry "*Peccavi*," he pushed his fist into the master's eye, and broke his spectacle. Whackem was an athletic man, and was at him again and again—the boy was overpowered, and the master blown.

Master Dick was next consigned to a dark room, and the lock was turned upon him. He could not be kept without air for ever, but the first chance afforded to him, he started on his legs and bolted slick away from Whackem's

polite establishment. There was a hue-and-cry—boy lost! They hunted everywhere, the orchard and the gooseberry bushes, under the kitchen dresser, in the dog-kennel on the leads—no truant to be found.

Richard made the best of his way to town; his father's house was closed—"gone to the country;" he went on there, on, on—it was a long journey—but he got there at last very much exhausted, he surprised his parents, but he met with no welcome, no pity. He showed his father the wales all over him, traces of the bitter punishment he had received; but his father said no doubt he deserved it---at all events he would express no opinion till he heard from Mr. Whackem.

A letter soon arrived; he had been caught *flagrante delicto*; it painted his conduct in the blackest hue; all that could be said in his favor was, that with a cool superciliousness, *which would have done credit to a better cause*, he confessed his sin, when he could no longer con-

ceal it. How differently had Horn major behaved; he wept but would not betray his brother! In conclusion, Mr. Whackem had every reason to anticipate that Horn major would prove an honorable member of society, but he feared that Horn minor, unless promptly checked, would bring down his father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Some men are born great, so Shakespere says, and verily some are born unlucky, exemplified in poor red-haired Dick's case. His was a very enviable position at home just then, as may be inferred! He dived out again at the back-door, and found some playmates, one in particular, in whose society he took special delight, the son of his foster-mother, who was almost his own age, and who was to be apprenticed in the sea-faring line; he had already been up and down the river, and had been on board a collier, and was, consequently, much respected in his set.

Shortly after this, the family returned to

town, and Richard was carried along with them. Mr. Horn was less at home than heretofore, but his temper became more morose than ever. Nothing could please him, not even his wife; they often quarrelled. "The Retreat" was advertised for sale, and Mr. Horn was pronounced to be in difficulties! He could not bear the sight of the boy, nor could he afford to keep an idler in his house. Adrian was expected home almost immediately, but he did not intend them to associate; a boy who had been expelled from two schools, was no fit companion for Adrian. He did not know as yet what to do with him, but he should send him somewhere where Whackem's would be a treat in comparison!

One morning Richard was nowhere to be found. His father, before he went out, observed, that doubtless he had gone after some of his blackguard friends, and that he was not to have any breakfast if he returned.

The day wore away and still he came not.

Evening closed in, and Mr. Horn returned from the city, and he set his teeth when they told him that Richard had not been at home; but his mother was alarmed, and she looked out at the street door the last thing, and showed a light, and that night she did not close her eyes.

Richard *had made away* with himself--he was never seen by his parents again!

Bitterly and deservedly their conscience smote them! yet still they had hope that their son should be restored to them. No exertion was spared, Bowstreet was informed, and "the runners" put on the *qui vive*. Magistrates were consulted--handbills with rewards were circulated--newspapers scrutinized, particularly among the "found drowned" and "gone astray" all to no purpose. Nurse said she was sure "he would turn up, when one least expected it, like a bad halfpenny," and Sally declared, with tears in her eyes, that "it served them right!"

A few months afterwards, Mr. Horn was in the hands of his creditors, and bankrupt in health as well, he saved "the commissioners" further trouble, by abandoning his mortal suit. He paid the debt of nature, which was the last claim he was likely to satisfy, and his lips muttered "Richard" ere they closed for ever on this scene.

Within the twelve months, the heart-broken wife was carried out and laid by her husband, hoping to the last to see both her sons by her bed-side.

The spoilt and petted Adrian was left alone, and without any provision. The family had no friends worth the name; people who are "going down in the world," seldom have many; besides Mrs. Horn was considered too proud, and Mr. Horn was very much blamed.

Mr. Moreton, then alive, was one of the principal creditors, and he had compassion upon the orphan boy; he sent him back to school,

and defrayed all his expenses, and when he was old enough, obtained a clerkship for him in the counting-house of his old friend Hoskyns. It was in this way that Adrian became acquainted with his wife.

CHAPTER III.

ELLEN MORETON was a sweet girl, nobody, not even her oldest friend, had ever ventured to say one word against her, there was nothing to find fault with, she was not even too beautiful! She was pretty, lively, rather delicate-looking, and stood a trifle above the ordinary height of women. Her hair was dark chesnut; her eyes were bright, sunny, innocent, fringed round with deep lashes. The mouth, although we cannot say that it left one nothing to desire, was as perfect as Nature could fashion

it; the arm and the hand were models; and if you had good eyes of your own, and were in luck, as she swept along the ground, you might catch a glimpse of,

“About the prettiest ankle in the world.”

Ellen was a great favorite everywhere, and quite the pet of her set, which was a tolerably extensive one. Where there was dancing, she was in especial request, and the young men crowded round her to secure her as a partner. She was never known to flirt, she was without coquetterie, and she was never supposed to have shown a preference. Yet people said of her that if she did love, it would be for a life! There was decidedly some firmness mixed up with the gentleness of her expression.

She had many admirers. It has not yet been insinuated, that in addition to a thousand personal charms, she had ten thousand pounds of stock, secured to her in the three and a

half per cent. consols! Among the foremost of her admirers was Miles Davenport.

He was heart and soul in love with her! He followed her everywhere—he beset her with attentions—he played the amiable to her mother—but his suit did not prosper. People wondered at that, for he was “The Lion” of that society—there was something mysterious about him—he had come from no one knew where—he had lighted on his legs in the midst of them, as it were, he dazzled with his appearance, and was reported to be a Millionaire! He kept an elegant house, and gave good dinners, he had a smart equipage, and rode fine horses, and yet withal there was something about that man to be mistrusted! The young ones said he was a great intriguer, and that he was sure to succeed in the end. Davenport was not a person to lose an opportunity; wherever Ellen was likely to be, there was he sure to be found. She never stirred out of doors, but he dashed by her in his curricule, or

rode past on horseback. One day he had the happiness to find her walking a short distance unaccompanied; he dismounted, and led his horse by her side. Mrs. Horn was very angry when she heard of it, and pronounced it to be an act of unpardonable familiarity. But there was no danger; Ellen did not fancy him at all. He was very agreeable, and very clever, and all that, and yet he did not suit her taste.

Some kind friend informed Davenport that he had a rival, and pointed out the pale-faced Adrian. His reply was a sneer of bitter scorn, and he said, that if he did not cut out that insignificant little clerk—he would eat him! and he looked as if he could. Miles proposed, and he was refused!

The man was half mad at this—his passions were violent—he had a severe illness—he had never loved before as he did then, his feelings were seared for ever—but it was all to no purpose, it only made him miserable, and failed to soften the young lady's heart. The fact was

Ellen detested Davenport—she was afraid of him; those dark eyes of his, seemed to threaten, not to persuade. Mrs. Moreton, if possible, disliked him still more; when his attention to her daughter became so conspicuous, she consulted Mr. Hoskyns, ever the confidential oracle of the family; he instituted enquiries about the young man in question, and failed in discovering his former history; but he gained some insight into his mode of living, and set him down as a profligate and an adventurer, and consequently recommended Mrs. Moreton to have as little to do with him as possible.

But Ellen preferred the solitary clerk, Adrian Horn, above all others. There is no accounting for these things. His quiet, inoffensive manner touched her heart, when the better prospects and accomplishments of others failed to make any impression.

He was a very irreproachable young man, and had conducted himself with great pro-

priety in his situation. Mr. Hoskyns had behaved very generously to him; and having now been some years with him, Adrian was in receipt of a salary of three hundred per annum. The worthy merchant had no great opinion of his ability; but he found him very tractable, and he attended to the routine duties which fell to his lot, with great precision. He never was known to be a moment behind his time, and his desk and papers were upheld as a pattern to others. It was Mr. Hoskyns's secret intention if he continued to deserve his confidence, eventually to give him a share in the business.

His increased salary admitted of a little further latitude in his mode of living. Mrs. Moreton and others occasionally procured him invitations, and gradually he worked his little way, and it became rare if he were not in the same society with Ellen and her mother. When she was disengaged he would timidly approach her; if she were engaged, he would

sit down and watch her. Mrs. Moreton thought favorably of him ; and all the old ladies said that he was a very nice young man, and that was about the extent of the general impression he had conveyed.

Somehow or other—no matter how—the conviction forced itself into his stupid head, that Ellen admired him. She had held dominion over his thoughts for years ; she had been his dream of life, but one which he never expected to be realized. He had been content, hitherto, to admire her at a distance ; but now his manner completely changed, he became a different being. Heretofore he had been frugal, almost parsimonious, he now thought it needful to make a considerable outlay at his tailor's. He wore smarter clothes, he sought society on his own merits, and even went so far as to decline some invitations. He passed his fingers through his hair, and pulled up his collars when he entered a room, and took up a prominent position before the fire. He smartened up his

two rooms, which up to this time were very modestly furnished, he was glad to receive his young friends there, and was known to have given a supper-party. His patron had noticed the change, for on two or three occasions he had absented himself in the middle of the day.

If all this was the effect of love, decidedly his affection had taken a very strange course. The fact was he was quite bewildered at the discovery that he had made; perhaps some of his foolish acquaintances had joked him on the subject. Adrian argued thus with himself: that to hold the first place in the consideration of Ellen Moreton was a distinction eagerly sought after, and earnestly to be desired, and if he could supplant the whole host of *aspirants*, with Davenport at their head, he had no reason to think meanly of his own pretensions.

Young Horn's altered demeanour gave one the idea of a person suddenly aroused to the consciousness of hitherto having deserved the

name of "spoon," but who was desirous that henceforth he should be esteemed the "fast man" of the party.

Adrian paid more attention to Miss Moreton, and with greater confidence laid himself out to please. One evening, when they were cooling themselves after the exertions of a warm dance, in a retired corner of the room, he took courage and breathed the first whispers of his love. The ice once broken, he poured forth his heart's aspirations with an eloquence and rapidity which astonished him. He assured her how she had been the idol of his thoughts for years, by day and by night. The realization of his hopes he scarcely dared to contemplate; it seemed too great happiness. He was quite alive to her superiority—he had nothing to offer but his devotion, his undivided love, that he threw at her feet. His was an undying attachment; if she spurned it, he should live on still, in secret and in misery!

Such are lovers' vows! Happy those, whose

conscience acquits them of having promised more than they can fulfil.

The young lady was taken by surprise ; her cheeks were crimsoned in a moment, and her heart beat violently. She did not know what to say, and it required all her resolution to prevent the tears from gushing out, but she did not look displeased ! She did not expect this, she told him she had ever felt a great regard for him—she had known him so long. He had better talk the matter over with her mamma !

And so he did ; and she was furious at the idea of the thing ! He ought to have known his position better : she had always felt a great interest in his welfare, and should continue to do so as long as he deserved it : and poor dear Mr. Moreton had acted a father's part towards him ; but this would never receive her consent, and she advised him to think no more of it. He could consult with her guardian, Mr. Hoskyns, on the subject, if he thought proper.

Young Horn saw that he had been too precipitate; he called himself a fool; he was very sorry to be cut off from his lady-love, but he should keep his counsel and say nothing about it to old Hoskyns. He reckoned there without his host, for the worthy gentleman made a point of speaking to him about his presumption, as he termed it. He was equally surprised with Mrs. Moreton, he said, at what had occurred; he had thought better things of him; if he desired to retain his good opinion, Horn had better return to his desk and duty, and give up philandering about with young ladies, who could only laugh at his infernal presumption!

Such was Mr. Hoskyns' advice, however unpalatable to the young man, who easily persuaded, and devoid of much independence and energy of spirit, would soon have sunk to the indifference of ordinary life, had not his smart acquaintances got hold of him and jeered him and told him to keep his "pluck up," and

“never to say die,” that “faint heart never won fair lady,” and so forth!

At this epoch of his career, Davenport sought his acquaintance; what object he had in doing so was not apparent at the time, seeing that hitherto he had not concealed the contempt he felt for Adrian, upon whom he scarcely deigned to bestow a frown as he brushed by him. The bare fact of their being disappointed suitors for the same hand would scarcely induce much cordiality, yet it was not the man's character to do anything without a motive. Perhaps he had become suddenly apprized of Horn's merits, and heard that he was a good fellow, and that his rooms were a pleasant resort.

Adrian had made the good resolution in his mind, after his conversation with his employer, to abandon his companions, and forswear the expenditure he had lately adopted, and he hoped by avarice to be enabled some day to command the admiration, from which his penury appeared to debar him. But he was so elated at the

patronage bestowed upon him by such a distinguished member of society, that all his proper resolves were knocked on the head. Davenport, who was employed in the city, used to call daily for Horn after business hours, and drive him in his curricule to the west-end. He even invited the flattered clerk to dine with him *tête-à-tête*, where Adrian was quite delighted at the style of his house, and they passed a most agreeable evening together. They even discussed Miss Moreton—a very delicate subject for gentlemen in their relative positions; but Davenport handled it in such a straight-forward, honest, manly way, that Horn could not be otherwise than charmed. After the second batch of Port, they became very confidential; Davenport avowed admiration and great respect for the lady in question, he had soon perceived that he was, for some reason or other unknown to him, an object of aversion to the mother and eminently so unsuccessful with the daughter,

that he saw the prudence of abandoning the field to more fortunate competitors. So satisfied was he with the course he had pursued, that he hoped he should be the first to congratulate Horn if he carried off the prize—he considered they were made for each other, that he did!

“And don’t forget, old fellow,” exclaimed Miles, “to invite me to the wedding!”

Before they separated that night, Horn had imparted to his new friend the history of his hopes, and fears, and jealousies, and sleepless nights, and the part that Hoskyns had taken in the matter.

Davenport had long suspected that Mr. Hoskyns had been mainly instrumental in poisoning the ladies’ minds against him—he owed that gentleman a grudge, and his eyes quite flashed at the mention of Hoskyns’s name.

“I tell you what,” said he, “I caution you to beware of that old fellow; I believe him to

be an officious, meddling, sneaking, mischief-maker!"

Horn was quite surprised that this had never occurred to him before, because now that Davenport had mentioned it, he was certain it was so.

The friends separated, apparently better satisfied each with the other. They made plans for the next day, and the next, in fact, there was scarcely a day on which they did not meet. Davenport had quite gained Horn's confidence, and he consulted him on every material point, which was generally as to the line of policy to be pursued towards Gower Street.

Ellen had been looking ill for some time—there was a very visible alteration in her appearance; at last, she ceased from going out altogether, and there were rumours that Mrs. Moreton intended to take her abroad.

"Now is your time to make play!" said Miles Davenport to Adrian, one day; "fire off

a shot at the old lady! Write and tell her with what unfeigned sorrow you have heard that her daughter was ill—that it was too painful for you to approach the house—that she could sympathise with your anxiety about the welfare of one, with whom you have been so long acquainted, and beg the relief of one line, (not to hang yourself,) but to inform you as to her well-being! Stick in a little more flummery with great respect, and then abide the issue.”

Horn did so, and awaited the result in painful suspense. The answer arrived at length. Mrs. Moreton would be glad to see him! On the wings of Love, he flew off there directly, as nervous as it was possible to be, but with a heart beating high.

Davenport lost sight of his friend for an interval. One day Horn ran up to him, and with a face all joy and smiles, he exclaimed,

“Congratulate me, my dear fellow! I am about to become a happy man! It’s all your

doing, and I shall ever be grateful, and I have told her so! Mrs. Moreton has waived all personal objections, and has decided, she trusts, for her daughter's happiness. And now nothing remains but to fix the day! Oh! dear, I am so delighted, I feel quite a different person. Good bye, I haven't time for another word, I am off there now!" and away he started, almost before Miles could utter a word in return.

There was an odd sort of expression about Davenport's eyes, when he received this intelligence, and one of his own peculiar smiles played about his mouth. Perhaps, now that the affair was accomplished, there might be some little heart-burnings at hearing that the object of his former affections was about to be carried off by another.

At length, the anxious lover pressed that "the day" might be named, that day which the fair contracting party always deems it de-

corous to delay, and soon after they might have been seen walking arm-in-arm, looking as foolish as lovers only can look, and fully believing that the eyes of every one were upon them—they bashfully entered a jeweller's— and fitted on the bright circlet—a solitary link of that golden chain which is designed to bind for a life!

Davenport was included among the few invited to attend the wedding. There was some opposition when his name was proposed; many objections were urged—it was awkward for all—it might be painful for him—but Horn was obstinate; he told them that they did not know what a kind-hearted person he was, and how sincerely he desired their happiness.

Adrian delivered the note into Davenport's own hands, who thanked him, and said he should certainly attend to it, and he offered his services in any shape that they might be required.

“People often dislike boring their friends to accept thankless offices, which often entail trouble,—but I—being tolerably acquainted with business—beg you will not scruple to make me trustee or executor, or anything else. If I give satisfaction, I may hope some day to be promoted to the dignity of God-papa!”

Adrian seized his hand, exclaiming, “kind fellow! kind fellow! that’s what I call a real friend! At present you shall not be *bored*, for Messrs. Gombochick and Hoskyns are trustees for my wife’s property, all the money is settled upon her, and as far as my principal is concerned, you may imagine that it has not given the lawyers much trouble!”

“One more thing,” said Davenport, delaying him, and using a little hesitation in his speech; “You will not be angry, I am sure—if you require a little ready money just to start with, pray apply to me. At all events, forgive this piece of advice, never borrow, but of a friend!”

Adrian thanked him again and again, but declined his kind offer, and they met on the morning of the wedding-day.

And now by a very circuitous route, we have arrived at the point from which we started.

CHAPTER IV.

WE lost sight of our happy pair, (not the posters, be it understood) on their way out of Town. That first journey, under such altered circumstances generally proves a silent one, especially, perhaps, to the Lady Traveller. The excitement of preparation—the labour of the *Trousseau*—is past. The leave-taking—hurried at the moment—has its melancholy share of thought, and that home, which, for the future, is not to be the same home to them! They almost start to hear themselves called by

another name, although perhaps that name has been in secret the treasured idol of years, and with all their fondness and loving-kindness, there must be mingled some doubts and fears as to the new mode of life upon which they are entering.

They had made choice of Kent—smiling, hopping, verdant Kent—for their experimental ramble, and Seven-oaks was their first resting-place. They were early on foot next morning, it was not that the novelty of a walk before breakfast had been the sole cause of bringing them forth at an unusual hour, but the sun shone so brightly at the windows of the inn, and there was such crowing and fluttering of poultry in the yard, such a stamping of horses being cleaned, such frequent demands for John ostler, which if not instantly attended to, his bell was set—a ringing till he came---then the London coach drove out from under the archway, and the teams of other coaches were marshalled—that there was little merit in being matinal,

the seven sleepers themselves would not have closed an eyelid since daylight!

Ellen leant upon her young husband's arm as they strolled along. They enjoyed that morning's walk. The air felt soft and balmy :

"How different," they observed, "to that of smoky, foggy, murky London."

They wandered along the hedge-sides, and over meadows, and they brushed the dew from the butter-cups, and they returned with very un-romantic appetites for breakfast.

Those only who have been long caged in London, can feel the exquisite enjoyment of a peep at the country!

Knowle Park was visited in the course of the morning, and then they were carried on to Tunbridge Wells. It is a charming country, all this. While dinner was in preparation, they had time to explore the Furze Common, and they walked upon the dejected Pantiles, and stared in at the shop-windows, whose proprietors seemed to have no further business

than watching the passers-by. Adrian and Ellen flattered themselves that they were mistaken for old stagers, but it required not a moment's thought to detect them. You could see that the indifference of years had not schooled her to rest listlessly on his arm, but she hung upon it lovingly, and he pressed it to his side, and doubtless her hand felt the throbbing of his heart !

Happy honeymoon, if you did but last for ever !

They were quite pleased with one another. Adrian declared that she was made for him, (rather egotistical that idea) and she declared that he was the only person in the world for her. In short, they were, as is usual in such cases, "all in all" to one another ! And there was a fortuitous unison of thought, and a sympathy of feeling which was quite delightful

"How I should like to live in the country !" exclaimed Ellen, on their way to the High Rocks.

“The very thing I was just going to say, dearest!” replied he.

“But, Adrian, I should wish to be quite in the country, where I have never lived yet. I mean where no houses are to be seen; not a neighbour within miles; nothing visible but green hills and trees, and nothing stirring but shepherds and milk-maids and cow-boys! That is my idea of the perfection of a country-life; fancy you and me being together in some such beautiful country!”

The little lady was growing quite excited in her rhapsody of rural felicity.

“Bravo! Mrs. Horn!” said Adrian, laughing, “you are quite eloquent. I have not had much experience of the country, but I completely coincide with your visions of rustic bliss. By Jove, I hate the thought of being chained down to London, paving stones and dirty brick houses, and never having a chance of seeing sky-blue, except in the milk-women’s pails! It is horrible! What do you say to

filling up our time in this neighbourhood, and let us enquire if there is a cottage to be hired for a few weeks?"

Ellen, of course, jumped at the idea. They questioned the waiter at dinner, and he declared that his master had a little seat, which would suit them to a turn, "*sitivate* in a most *romerantic* part of the country, and enjoying most extensive views. Shall I send master *hup*, sir?"

The landlord appeared—he informed them that it was a very small house, in fact, it had been a farm-house, and he had embellished it at considerable expense, but it was quite adapted to receive a small family of distinction. He used to take his children there—it was such a healthy spot, and the country round it was certainly beautiful!

They liked the description of it better and better, they soon came to terms with the proprietor, and he was to write that night to the persons in charge to prepare it for their arrival,

and they were to take possession the following day.

Next morning, immediately after breakfast, they were *en route* to their temporary country-seat, which possessed the tempting denomination of "Cowslip Farm," so eager were they to realise their visions of bliss.

It was a beautiful drive. Their road lay through Frant. It is not on record whether the *genius loci*, the great artist in black cats and velveteen chimney-sweeps, was at that time known to Fame! How all the country seemed to smile! Doubtless, the face of nature wore the same garb as usual—rich as the banks were with primroses, and the hedges with blossoms—but the happy mood of our lovers reflected everything in *couleur de rose*; when people are determined to be pleased, they are easily satisfied.

But, their driver had descended to open a gate, and then they entered a thick wood. When they emerged from that, "Cowslip

Farm" lay before them, they both exclaimed, as they caught sight of it,

"How lovely! beautiful! The very thing for us!"

It was certainly a pretty cottage, set in one of the fittest nooks imaginable. There was every advantage of scenery of wood and water, rocks and glades. They crossed a little bridge which spanned the stream, and a few minutes more brought them up to the door.

A fat, jolly-looking farmer's wife welcomed them, she assisted in lowering the luggage, and then tossing a heavy portmanteau on her broad shoulders, trudged up-stairs before the young people to show the bed-rooms.

They ran all over the house—which did not consume much time—and they were delighted with it. Everything looked so clean, and was so sweet too, for there was a rustic verandah all round, crowded with creepers and sweet-briers, and roses and honeysuckles, and, of course, spiders!

Then the stout wife of the house did the honors of the dairy, and the poultry-yard, and the piggeries; she stared with astonishment at many of the questions propounded to her, in fact, next to her peas and geese—she had quite settled the point in her own mind—they were the *greenest* young creatures she had ever beheld! They might have heard of a pig in a poke, but whether they had ever seen one in a sty, was a matter of grave uncertainty.

After that they proceeded to scramble up the steep hill at the back. It was such hard work and so hot, yet they shouted and laughed. It was very slippery too, and Adrian had to give his hand to pull up his companion sometimes; then there was such a view from the top! On their right there was a rocky ridge, a barrier against the north; looking south was a rich, cultivated country, interspersed with woodland, and bounded by some hills in the distance. Here and there the eye caught sight of the modest spires of the village churches, and the

occasional mansions of the affluent were not lost to the scene, and the little river could be traced in its windings, as it glittered in the sunshine.

The dinner was the next pleasurable occupation, and there was no lack of wholesome fare. Mrs. Collins's chickens did credit to her feeding, and the little pig had not died in vain. Then came another stroll in a different direction, and when the day was well-nigh spent, Adrian sat out in the balcony and listened to the music which his wife was endeavouring to extract from a somewhat infirm piano.

Thus innocently and noiselessly fell the foot of Time. There was not a dull hour to that happy couple, and days closed in before they seemed to have opened. This healthy life was planting roses in the young woman's cheek, and gave them spirits to enjoy everything. Farmer Collins had taught Adrian to fish, and a supply of trout was often the result of his successful essays.

A fortnight had flown past, and they were entering upon the third week. Each day's post bore a letter from Ellen to her mother, descriptive of their happiness ; and every day brought a letter in return. The old lady was now enquiring when she was to expect them, for she fancied they had been absent long enough.

One morning, they sauntered down to the stream as usual, Horn was trying to lure the trout with a May-fly, and Ellen, with her work-basket, was seated on the mossy bank.

"I'll tell you what, dearest," said Adrian, after some time, giving up his rod, and throwing himself down by her side, "the more I think of that gloomy London, the greater repugnance I feel at returning to it. That odious counting-house life of mine, too, ugh ! how I hate business of all sorts ! To have to sit all day on a high stool, with a long pen, poring over other people's accounts, is interesting !"

"Yes, we shall often regret these bright hours," she replied, with a sigh. "If my dear

mother were not there, I should never care to see London again!"

"If we lived in the country, Mrs. Moreton could pass part of the year with us, and we could visit her in town."

"I should not like to live in the country, unless you could be with me there always."

"But I would be there with you always. What if I resign my clerkship, and devote myself to you, instead of to my desk? Would that be a bad exchange, eh, Mrs. Horn?"

"I hope my husband will be able to do that under any circumstances," she answered, looking up affectionately at him. "As to the clerkship, I fear that you are not rich enough to be independent."

"Fancy us!" he interrupted, "with a place of our own, our pigs, and ponies, and poultry."

"It is most tempting!" said Ellen as she dropped her work on her lap.

"I am quite sure," resumed he, looking like

one who had resolved a difficult problem in his head ; “ that your income would be ample for us. In the country we could live so economically, we should require so little—look at what we should save in dress alone, a straw hat and a shooting jacket is all that I should require.”

“ My dear Adrian ! ” said the bride blushing and smiling ; “ And what economical costume do you design for me ? ”

Her fancy may possibly have wandered from these pictures of rural felicity to visions of the garden of Eden, with our first parents in easy *deshabille* !

“ I believe I could now prove an useful house-wife, for I have learned a great deal from Mrs. Collins. I would make any sacrifice to keep you at home.”

“ There would be no sacrifice required ; we should be better off than ever. But, pray are you afraid that I should fall into mischief, by your anxiety to keep me at home ? ”

He took her little hand and bore it playfully

to his lips; but we will not pursue the conversation any further—perhaps it is hardly fair to so young a couple. We will leave them on the mossy bank, with the babbling stream at their feet, and the green tree waving over them.

The fatal morn at length arrived, when they were to bid adieu to the charms of Cowslip Farm. They quitted it with great regret, but with the joyful hope, as many others do who leave the bright things of the earth, of meeting something more pleasant elsewhere. This was their consolation as they drove off on their road to London.

Mr. and Mrs. Collins, whose attentions had been well rewarded, bowed and curtsied at the door, a ponderous nosegay was handed in by the female functionary, which was intended as an offering to good mamma in town.

The rain fell in torrents as they drove into London, the first they had encountered since their departure. They thought this a speci-

men of what they had to endure, fancying that it was as sun-shiny as ever at The Farm.

Mrs. Moreton had been anxiously awaiting their arrival long before the hour they had mentioned. Nervous as old ladies always are, particularly when guests are expected, she and her house-keeper had been fidgetting in and out of the rooms all day.

“There they are!” exclaimed the anxious parent over the blinds in the dining-room.
“Rush out and open the door, Timmons.”

“Dearest mother!”—“My darling child!”
and they were fast in each other’s arms.

“How well you look. The country air has done you good, I daresay.”

“Yes, mother, and we have been so happy.”

“Bless you, dearest Ellen, may you long continue so.”

CHAPTER V.

“I cannot think that either of you are fitted for a country life,” said Mrs. Moreton to her daughter, as they sat discussing their projects over their work next day.

“If you had but seen us at Cowslip Farm, my dear mother, you would think differently, we were so happy ! You allow that I am looking in improved health ?”

“The change of air has certainly been beneficial to you ; but because you have been very happy for two or three weeks alone in the

country, that is no reason for supposing that it would always agree with you. Neither can you expect to lead that sort of life for ever. Believe me, dear Ellen, your husband would be the first to complain of the solitude. Idleness is a dangerous state to all, especially to young men. A man must have occupation; Adrian has always been accustomed—”

“But surely, Mother mine, there would be plenty of occupation for him. He would have to walk with me, and to teach our children, to manage the household, and to make the most of our little fortune.”

Mrs. Moreton shook her head.

“As for the children—it appears to me that you are counting your chickens rather prematurely—they may never arrive; and if they do, they cannot require their father’s tuition for some years, and it certainly seems an odd way of making the most of a little fortune by proceeding at once, voluntarily and most unnecessarily, to lop off three hundred a year!

But if you are so determined to live out of Town, why not begin in the neighbourhood? Nowhere will you find prettier rural scenery than at Hampstead, and Highgate, and Clapham, and all around. Adrian could come up every morning to his office; and if you were very desirous of a long walk, you might meet him, and return together."

"Oh! mother," said the daughter, laughing, "you *have* drawn a picture of rural felicity! A walk home to Clapham in the dark!"

"Anything is better than that Adrian should resign his situation. It was considered the greatest piece of luck his obtaining it, and it will appear very ungrateful to Mr. Hoskyns to resign it. Can you reconcile to yourself that he should abandon the advantages of his employment for the selfish gratification of an occasional walk with you, and in his supervising the weekly bills, which ought to fall to your share? Should you be favored with those children, which you appear to count upon so

securely, you will not find your income adequate then, however sufficient it may appear for present purposes. No! take my advice, Ellen, remain here with me. I will in no way interfere with your plans, and content yourselves with a jaunt into the country, whenever Adrian can be spared from his avocations."

Mamma Moreton spoke like a book, there is no doubt about it. She had served her apprenticeship, and a pretty long one too, to the world, and old ladies wax crafty in their age. Ellen had always paid the greatest deference to her mother's opinion; she refrained from all reply, on the present occasion, for the best of all reasons, because she had nothing to say!

At six o'clock, the well-known knock was heard, for which Ellen had often so anxiously waited. She rushed out of the room to meet her husband with all the eagerness of first love, and they entered the drawing-room together. Adrian was quite exhausted with his day's

work, the routine of office had become insufferable to him.

“Oh!” he breathed out with a sigh, as he sunk into an easy chair, “how I longed for fresh air, as I sat at my desk, and a walk with you in the green fields! The confinement has already given me a sad head-ache!”

“You look quite pale and fatigued, dearest Adrian!” and his attentive wife sprinkled *Eau-de-Cologne* on his temples, and blew upon them.

In the evening, the arguments were resumed, Mrs. Moreton had a majority against her. The young people seemed so bent on their project, and Ellen threw her arms so lovingly around her mother’s neck, that the old lady, although unconvinced, gave in, and forbore from further opposition.

It was agreed then, that in the event of their finding a suitable country residence, Horn should resign his clerkship. Mrs. Moreton was to pass the summer with them, and they the winter months with her.

Adrian was all amiability. Was there worsted to be wound—his hands were immediately extended in readiness—was there a commission to be executed, he was off before they could ask him. They never went out in the evening; they were so happy at home; Adrian read aloud, or music was put in requisition. So domestic had he become, that he seemed to have forgotten all his old friends, Davenport and others, which was a matter of no trifling congratulation to the ladies.

His spare time was employed in scanning the advertisements in the newspapers, and in making the tour of the house-agents. Mrs. Moreton had stipulated that they should select an easy distance from town, but their search was fruitless, and they were growing impatient; in fact they almost despaired of obtaining the object of their wishes.

Horn was sitting one morning with the broad-sheet of the "Times" in his hand awaiting the descent of the ladies to breakfast.

“Hulloa!” said he, “what do I see? ‘*The Retreat,*’ *Sandford, Kent, to be let or sold!*’ Can I believe my eyes?”

He rushed to the door, and called out on the staircase with all his might to his wife to come down as quickly as possible.

“What is it, dear Adrian, anything happened—what is the matter?” enquired she, entering the room a few minutes afterwards.

“Glorious news, that’s all,” he exclaimed, “such a piece of luck! Here’s *The Retreat* in the market, the ancient seat of, you know, my ances—my father! Listen to this—‘*Romantic Villa on the banks of the Thames!*’”

Here Mrs. Moreton made her appearance, (having hurried herself incontinently to Mrs. Timmons’ discomfiture, who had in consequence pricked her finger three times,) in order to render any assistance that might be required. She looked rather disappointed at finding that the subject of excitement was only an advertisement of a house.

“Good morning, dear madam, you need not look so frightened. Listen to this announcement!”

He commenced reading aloud again: “Picturesque Villa on the Banks of the Thames. To be let or sold, furnished or unfurnished, with immediate possession, a most desirable residence, adapted for a small family of distinction. It is called ‘The Retreat,’ and is situate near the delightful village of Sandford, at an easy distance from Gravesend, and twenty-five from London. This little ‘bijou’ is pronounced by judges to be ‘unique;’ it has highly ornamental grounds sloping to the river, and is a most complete residence, with a gravelly soil.”

“Are you not delighted, Ellen? What do you think of the description?”

“It sounds very well, certainly, and the place would be doubly interesting to us, from your having passed so many years of your youth there.”

“ Well, the question for us to decide now is, how soon can we get ready to go and look at it? You must accompany us, good mother-in-law, I shall be quite disappointed if you do not,” said Adrian, as he walked up and down the room quite impatient to be off

“ I shall be very happy to accompany you. If you have quite determined to live in the country, I shall of course feel anxious to inspect your future residence, and shall be ready on due notice,” said Mrs. Moreton.

“ That’s all right! you can be ready in an hour, I suppose?” asked the young man, eagerly.

“ In an hour! My dear Adrian, are you mad? Consider what a distance it is, beyond Gravesend !”

“ It takes no longer to prepare for a long drive than a short one. Say the word, ma’am, and I will run and order a fly and pair, and we shall be back again by dinner-time.”

“ But the dinner is not ordered yet, and my

poor birds are not fed, and what would you say, Mimmy, if I were to leave you by surprise, eh! Mimmy?" said the kind old lady, addressing her tortoiseshell cat, who mewed pitiously on being spoken to, and rubbed itself against the legs of the table.

There was a multiplicity of odds and ends to be attended to; elderly people do not like to be hurried. Ellen interposed, and it was finally agreed to start in a couple of hours.

The trio very much enjoyed the drive; it was all new to the ladies, and their cavalier felt proud at being showman all the way. We will, for brevity, omit his descriptions of the route, and bring our friends at once to "the delightful village of Sandford," a place of singularly unprepossessing aspect. It consisted of one long, straggling row of stunted, dirty, brick cottages, built close to the water side—that is, there was nothing between them and the river, but the road and their little patches of slovenly gardens, the railings around which were lament-

ably deficient. Here and there an aspiring economist had succeeded in raising a few cabbages ; but the cocks and hens who were dusting themselves in the neighbour's gardens, had probably prevented any further horticultural exertions. One proprietor, in lieu of greens, had raised a summer-house, formed of a boat cut in half, and was seated under its shade, with his clay pipe, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*.

Along the bank were lying an heterogeneous display of old iron, apparently discarded, two or three rusty anchors, a small cannon, some lengths of chain-cable, a few spars, probably the property of the "Dealer in Marine Stores," opposite. The last of the row of buildings was the public-house ; it had once been white-washed, but now the stucco of the walls had fallen off in large patches. A flaunting sign of "The Jolly Rovers," representing three cut-throat looking ruffians shaking hands over a

foaming pot of porter, swung to-and-fro in front.

About opposite to this house of refreshing *réunion*, a crazy-looking wooden jetty protruded itself a little way into the bosom of Father Thames, and a couple of barges were moored alongside of it.

Proceeding onwards, the road made a sharpish bend inland, and the eye was more agreeably entertained by a sight of the old church, with its ivy-covered tower; a neat parsonage adjoined, and a few trim cottages clustered round. Then there came a substantial, red-brick house, with a bright green door, and a large brass-plate, on which was inscribed,

“MR. COLES, SURGEON, ETC.”

Adrian pointed it out as they drove past, with a knowing look at his wife.

“You see, love, there is a doctor close at hand, in case of need! This little place, you

must know," said he, addressing himself principally to his mother-in-law, "was, in days of yore, a noted resort of smugglers. Yes, madam, many a bloody battle has been fought here with the revenue officers! In the vaults under those ruins, which you can just see behind the church, they used to conceal their tubs."

"You don't say so, Adrian! how dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Moreton, turning up her eyes.

"But there are no smugglers, now-a-days, dear mother," said Ellen, laughing.

"There is a grave under the yew-tree in the church-yard, which is called 'The Smuggler's Grave,' which I hope to show you some day; and there is a dreadful story about it."

"Thank you kindly, my dear boy," interrupted the old lady, in a solemn tone of voice "but I don't wish to see 'The Smuggler's Grave,' nor to hear the story—I would rather not."

Mrs. Moreton's face had elongated considerably as they drove through Sandford.

She was evidently much disappointed at the approach to "The Retreat," and the interesting local traditions just communicated, had completed her prejudices.

The road turned round again, and faced the river; they were ascending a gentle eminence; when they had crested it, Adrian, who was stretched three parts of his length out of the window, shouted out at the top of his voice:

"There's the house! there's the dear old place—just the same as ever! Can you see it, Ellen—is it not beautiful?"

"It is, indeed—quite what I fancied from your description," said she, surveying it from the window.

Mamma begged for a peep, and she looked out and allowed that it was a very pretty spot; but she was not enthusiastic in her admiration of it, as were the young couple.

The fly was pulled up at the lodge entrance. Horn sprang out and rang a peal at the bell; pushed the gate and found it open, so they

walked in and approached the house, and he rang again at the door, and then ran round to look at the front. When he returned, the ladies were parleying with a very respectable looking person, who had appeared to their summons.

Ellen met him with a serious air.

“Only fancy, Adrian, we cannot see the house without an order from the London agents!” said she.

“But we must see it! We have come on purpose,” he exclaimed, addressing the woman in charge. “Why, bless me, it’s Betsy Winton; how d’ye do, Mrs. Winton?”

“That is my name, sir; but I have not the pleasure of recollecting you.”

“No? look again; you have often seen me here before.”

“Well, I do declare—I believe it is Master Horn.”

“I thought you would recollect me! Yes, I am Adrian Horn; why I should have known

you anywhere, Mrs. Winton, you are not in the least altered."

"Thank you, sir!" said she, colouring slightly; "but you are very much altered; you were a flaxen-haired little bit of a fellow, when I saw you last. Well, I am pleased indeed to see you—it's quite like old times! Walk in, pray do, sir, and the ladies."

"This is my wife," said Adrian, pointing behind, as he entered the hall.

"No! it is not I," said Mrs. Moreton, laughing, for she happened to be following next in succession, and the good woman looked aghast at her, "I am the mother-in-law!"

"Well, it does make one feel old, when little boys that we have dandled in our arms, are grown up, and have wives!" observed Mrs. Winton, as she led the way into the drawing-room, and throwing open the shutters, there was such a prospect exposed to view, that they all exclaimed at it!

There was a broad lawn that sloped down almost to the water's edge, bounded on either side by rows of trees, little forests in themselves, that enclosed the confines of "The Retreat." The river glided along with many a little sail on its surface, and now and then a lumbering merchant-man crept by slowly on its course. A sunk wall terminated the lawn at the bottom ; in the centre were a pair of iron gates, giving easy access to the river, and approached by a winding path through the plantation on one side. Outside the premises there was a narrow road, along the banks.

"This was your poor mother's fancy-room, Mr. Adrian ; and how pretty it used to be in her time ! Has anything been heard of your brother ? How we did grieve when we were told of his loss, he was such a favorite with us all !" said the voluble Mrs. Winton ; and she proceeded to wipe out her eye with the corner of her apron.

Horn winced at this remark. It was a subject to which he always avoided all allusion.

“Nothing has been heard of him, I suppose, sir?” continued the persevering dame.

“No! nothing—unfortunately nothing,” replied Adrian.

“He may be a great man, perhaps, by this time, although he was always a regular radical, was Master Richard! My son often speaks of him—they were like brothers.”

Adrian grew red, and turned off the conversation.

This Mrs. Winton was Richard Horn's foster-mother. She was a native of Sandford; her father had once been landlord of “The Jolly Rovers.” She had quitted the bar to enter the service of Surgeon Cole, as nursery-maid, (the father of the present owner of the brass-plate.) She had a pretty face, and a kind heart, which were not long unappreciated, for a few years after she married a sea-faring man, much older than herself.

When the late Mrs. Horn sought the ser-

vices of a wet-nurse, Betsy Winton happened to be qualified for the situation, and at Mr. Cole's recommendation, she was engaged. She gave great satisfaction, certainly to her infant charge, who never had to want for anything, as the saying is. Afterwards old Cole had taken her in hand as a pupil, and found her a useful adjunct in his profession. She acquired some celebrity, and "Mrs. Winton, the monthly," became as well known in the neighbourhood as the old church, or, as "The Jolly Rovers," in her attendance upon ladies, pronounced to be in the desirable state of those "who love their Lords," but which state when oft repeated, becomes very questionable whether the Lords would not be better pleased to dispense with altogether.

Her husband, generally termed Farmer Winton, had served in the navy, and in a privateer; and some hinted that he had been a privateer in a small way, on his own account, that is, he had owned a cargo now and then,

and omitted the form of clearing out at the Custom-house !

Well, if it was to smuggling they alluded, there was scarcely any one in his position that had not occasionally turned his hand to that, in those times, and nobody was thought the worse of for it.

He was a good husband, and a good father, so we can afford to throw a veil over his former career, if it be necessary. He had been part owner of a smack, and then he became sole proprietor. By industry and care, he was enabled, at length, to lay by a sum sufficient to retire from his laborious profession : he invested his money in the purchase of a farm, and having ploughed the main for so many years, he found it on the main much easier and safer to be ploughing his own fields. They had two children living, a boy and a girl, their eldest son they had lost.

The son followed his father's pursuit, he took naturally to the water like a young duck ;

and declared it was his own element. He had already attained to the dignity of mate to a merchant-brig, which was hourly expected up the river, on her way to discharge her cargo at Blackwall.

Adrian was quite happy in revisiting the haunts of his youthful days. He ran through the house, every room affording some reminiscence. The dining-room opened into the drawing-room, at the end of both rooms was a little conservatory, and that was the extent of the frontage.

Mrs. Moreton, who was beginning to feel fatigue, had at last arrived at the bedroom-floor, which was the only story of the house. They had assembled in the best bed-room, which Adrian recollected had also been his mother's. Mrs. Winton was at present in occupation, as her work on the window-sill testified; she informed them that she had selected that room, and she sat there all day with the window open, because it commanded the most uninterrupted view of the river; and she was continually

on the look-out for "The Saucy Jack;" that was the vessel in which her own precious boy was sailing. She would know the old brig among a thousand, they always hoisted their private flag when they approached Sandford, but she would know it even without that, and she took up an old telescope and had another look.

"Yes!" observed she, after her scrutiny was over, "some might have objected to sleep in this room, after what has just occurred."

"What is that?" exclaimed all the visiting party in a breath.

"Don't you know? Why, I made sure that you had heard all particulars, why it was in this very room that Captain Durnsford committed suicide, a week ago last Saturday!"

"Good heavens!" gasped out Mrs. Moreton, "what a horrible place this is! How did it happen, my good woman? pray tell us quickly."

"I can't tell you how it happened, ma'am," answered Betsy. "All that I know about it

is, that he cut his throat, and Doctor Cole sent for me to nurse him; he lingered for three days; we did all we could for him, but it was impossible to save him. It appears that the poor gentleman had been very desponding for a long time. His wife died of consumption two years ago—”

“Consumption!” echoed Mrs. Moreton.

“And since that he never has been quite in his own mind. His only amusement was to work in the garden; he laid out a great deal of money there, and you will find it is in beautiful order. He was very harmless. He was buried at night and without any ceremony, as he was a suicide. After his death, the executors wished me to remain in the house, and I was very glad of it, for I long to have the first peep of my dear Bobby!”

Next they descended to the garden, and they insisted on dragging Mrs. Moreton with them. Horn led the way to the kitchen garden; then they followed the path in the plantation. The

gravel walks were in beautiful order, and the broad flower-beds did credit to the taste of the deceased proprietor.

“Here,” said Adrian, who preceded them, “we kept our bees—and this very little plot was my garden, and—” they had now emerged at the bottom of the lawn—“see, Ellen, on those two stately elms we placed a swing—”

Adrian stopped short—when his wife came up to where he stood, she shrieked and ran back.

“What is it, my dearest child?” exclaimed her mother, looking frightfully alarmed; she walked forward to ascertain the cause, but as quickly retired.

“There’s a horrid sailor’s head there,” she uttered to Betsy Winton, shading her eyes at the same time, as if to get rid of the sight that had pained her.

Mrs. Winton ran to the gate.

“’Tis not my Bobby,” said she; “but I tell you what, that same man rang at the door-bell

just before you came ; I ran down stairs in all haste, thinking he might bring some tidings of my boy. I fancied, at the time, that he looked rather shyly at me—not honestly in the face ; he asked me very civilly, if I would allow him to walk round the grounds, as he had heard in the village what had happened. I informed him that my orders were to admit no one, without an order. Now, for what could such a man as that wish to see the grounds ? however, he walked quietly away.”

On the waterside of those iron-gates, to which allusion has already been made, there stood a man—a short, square man, in a seaman’s dress, gazing intently through the bars. The striped shirt open at the collar, exposed a thick, short, muscular neck, and a deep, brawny chest. From beneath the broad-brimmed glazed hat, which was placed sailor-fashion quite at the back of the head, a shock of sandy hair descended, shaggy whiskers of the same material united under the chin, and

the upper lip showed symptoms of having avoided the acquaintance of a razor for a lengthened period.

Horn soon recovered from the start occasioned by encountering so unexpectedly a strange man's head.

"Don't be afraid, ladies," said he, "I will soon send that fellow off. Oh! he is gone, pray come on now!"

* The man had disappeared as soon as he was perceived.

"Why, you silly little woman! the idea of screaming at any man's face!" said Adrian, putting his arm round Ellen's slim waist.

"Poor man! I dare say he meant no harm," said she, having now recovered her composure.

"No harm? What do poor men look at grounds for? I believe he is planning to rob and murder you! Are you not afraid for your life, my good woman?" exclaimed Mrs. Moreton, turning round to Betsy.

“No, ma’am, indeed I am not,” said the other, smiling. “I am never afraid of sailors. If you could but see my Bobby!”

“I should be very glad to see your Bobby, or anybody else’s Bobby at the present moment! And if I were you, Mrs. Winton, I would not rest to-night, without having a Bobby in the house!” said Mrs. Moreton, evidently annoyed at the woman’s misplaced self-confidence, at which Betsy, to whom these words were addressed, laughed immoderately.

Mr. and Mrs. Horn walked on, admiring every feature of the place (with the exception of those which had so lately disconcerted them,) but Mrs. Moreton, who followed behind, several times turned round and cast furtive glances at the iron gates, as though she expected to find the shaggy sailor still watching through the bars.

They had now seen all, and more than some of the party desired; Adrian ran off in quest of their conveyance. Mrs. Moreton, in his

absence, took her daughter mysteriously aside, and whispered in her ear.

“I do not wish to alarm that poor woman, my love; but my firm opinion is that we behold her for the last time! It seems impossible to arouse her to a sense of her position. I don’t like the idea of suffering the poor thing to have her throat cut when it may be in our power to avert it. You understand me, Ellen?” said she, looking very grave, and nodding towards the lower gates.

“Oh! mother—yes, I understand; but how can you entertain such dismal ideas?” replied the young woman, hardly seeming to know whether to laugh or look serious.

“Tell me, Ellen,” again began the old lady, speaking in a still more hollow tone, “would you like to live so near ‘The Smuggler’s grave?’”

She watched her daughter’s countenance with anxiety, hoping that, at length, she had produced an impression. So she had, but it was

not the one she had anticipated, for Ellen only laughed.

“It’s no laughing matter, Ellen, I assure you, and if you did your duty to your neighbour as to yourself, you would leave Adrian here, to sit up all night with the poor soul !”

“No ! mother, thank you, not for ten thousand worlds !” but here Horn appeared and announced the fly, and that there was no time to be lost. So Mrs. Moreton proceeded to take her final adieu of Betsy Winton, who expressed her warm hopes that they might speedily return as the tenants of “The Retreat.”

Adrian and his wife talked busily ; they were planning how they should arrange the rooms, Mrs. Moreton was tired and said little, but the church-yard and its ruins and tombstones, were not passed unobserved by her. Not long after, a prolonged snore told them that the worthy mother had sunk insensibly under the charms of Nature’s grand restorative.

It was late when they reached Gower-street, and they enjoyed the meal that awaited them—save Mrs. Moreton; by her countenance she seemed to

“Have supped full of horrors,”

and as she took her candle, her parting words were:

“Ugh! I shall never forget that horrid man’s ugly face!”

CHAPTER VI.

ADRIAN HORN lost no time in making application to the Agents, who were instructed to offer the eligible property of "The Retreat." He was referred by them to the solicitor to the executors of the unfortunate suicide, who informed him that the price of the estate was two thousand pounds, and this low sum was named in order to insure a speedy sale.

It was a very low price for a fancy place of that description, and was something less than

half of the sum his father had received for it.

However, the sale could not be completed just then, for there were legal difficulties, the probate of the will had not yet been proved, but the solicitor told him he had no competitors, and he doubted not but that time was his only impediment.

So Adrian left quite cock-a-hoop with his bargain, and rubbed his hands with glee at his success, which he took not a little credit to himself for attaining. Fortunately he had fallen into the hands of respectable people, who had settled upon a sum which they considered a fair price for the estate. Had he had to deal with a sharp practitioner, his manner would have betrayed his eagerness to become the purchaser at any price within his means.

So for a while, awaiting his emancipation, he returned to his desk at Mr. Hoskyns', and plied the long quills most distastefully, and looked upon ledgers and foolscap with increased disgust. Mr. Hoskyns regretted the step which

the young man had taken, and certainly had strong grounds of annoyance in not having been consulted on the subject. He had been for so many years Horn's only friend, and his present position he owed entirely to him. It was ungrateful decidedly, but the good merchant, much as he felt the slight, said but little, in fact that independent tone which Adrian had assumed, and which was so foreign to his former manners, was extremely disagreeable to his benefactor. Miles Davenport had very much contributed to this ; he had thrown out insinuations against Hoskyns, and had inoculated Adrian's ductile mind with prejudices.

Horn had repeatedly called upon the solicitor above-mentioned, to urge him to expedite matters as much as possible. At length he was informed that all preliminaries were arranged, that he had only to transfer the purchase-money, sign the deeds and take possession.

Arrangements had been completed for selling out sufficient stock to provide the two

thousand pounds. Hoskyns had represented to Mrs. Moreton and also to Ellen, the injury they were doing themselves by crippling their income ; but when these remonstrances reached Adrian's ears, he termed them an impertinent interference.

A brief extract of the deceased Mr. Moreton's will, will most succinctly explain the position of his daughter's fortune :

“ And I give £10,000 in the $3\frac{1}{2}$ Consols, to John Gombochick and William Hoskyns in trust, to pay the Dividends or the other produce of the said Stock and securities into the proper hands of my beloved daughter, Ellen Moreton, or unto such person or persons as she may appoint, to the intent that the same may be for her sole and separate use. And in case of her marriage that they shall hold the Stocks, securities, &c., for such person or persons, and for such Interests and purposes, and subject to such power and directions as my said daughter

Ellen shall, notwithstanding, coverture from time to time by any deed in writing, to be by her signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of, and to be attested by two or more credible witnesses or by any Will, &c., &c."

Forthwith, Adrian, impatient of delay, called on the man of the law, with a cheque for two thousand pounds; he received a formidable weight of parchment, upon the wafer of which he had been instructed to place his thumb, and pronounce that to be his act and deed, and "The Retreat" became his own! The lawyer congratulated him, and then handed him his small account, in which every call, every enquiry, and every note was registered, his extraordinary exertions to expedite matters were recited; and these, with the stamps, and an investigation as to the title of the estate, amounted to two hundred pounds!

This was a damper on his spirits, for the moment. The lawyer begged that he would

take it home, and think of it at his convenience, which Horn did, and his kind mother-in-law advanced the money.

Next morning, he was stirring early, in high spirits, and at Charing-cross he mounted to the top of the "Heavy Rochester," which passed through Gravesend. He then hired a gig, and drove on to Sandford. He left his conveyance at the Jolly Rovers, and walked on to take possession of his estate. How fast he walked and how long the distance appeared! He planned and planned, as he almost ran along—each idea dispelling the other as quickly as it came.

He was there ; and gained admittance ; and Mrs. Winton was as joyful as he—for the day before, from her watch-window, she had descried the "Saucy Jack," and she had waved a handkerchief, and Bob had responded thereto with his cap. The brig was in full sail, so she was in great expectation that her son might be enabled to return home on that very day, for

he never delayed a moment more than was necessary.

The new lord of the mansion was occupied for some time in settling the destination of the apartments, in company with Mrs. Winton, whose judgment was very serviceable to him. By-and-bye, he went over the grounds, to the kitchen-garden, and peeped under the frames, and looked in at the little hot-house, and then he surveyed the flower-beds, and then he crossed the lawn, and then—there stood the self-same figure of the man still gazing through the gates !

Adrian stood still—the sailor had perceived him—so he made bold to address him, although he was aware that there was no assistance at hand, if the fellow should have any evil intentions, so he buttoned up his coat, that the glitter of his watch-chain might not offer a temptation, and approached the gates.

“My good man,” began Horn, “do you

want anything? I saw you before, on this spot."

"I was only admiring the grounds," said the man, in a very humble voice.

"If that be your only intention—walk in," said Horn, after a moment's hesitation; he produced a key from a bunch, unlocked a padlock, and threw open the gate—hoping by this manœuvre to satisfy himself as to the strange man's design, and wishing, in his heart, that the parish constable might be making his rounds in this direction, at the present time, for the fellow was an ugly customer, in every sense of the word.

"Thank you, sir," replied the sailor, touching his hat, and he at once entered.

He turned to the right, where there was a grass-seat, and threw himself upon it. He scanned the garden, and then set his eyes fixedly on the house. In his deep contemplation, he was lost to the presence of the gentle-

man, who stood eyeing him a few paces off.

The man seemed harmless enough, although a horrid idea struck Horn, that the poor devil might be mad! He looked exhausted—he might be hungry. His canvass trousers were patched, and his jacket was terribly seedy and thread-bare.

“*I lived here, once,*” said the stranger, in a melancholy tone, without turning his head.

“You!” replied the proprietor.

“Yes; but those I lived with are dead and gone!”

His head fell on his chest, and he brushed away a tear with his hard hand.

There was silence again, for the man had relapsed into reverie.

Horn stood by, rooted to the spot. A dreadful suspicion had come upon him. His heart beat wildly, and there was a choking sensation

in his throat—he recognized his brother! That hair—that eye—there could be no mistake! To find him in such a plight!—he had taken him for a robber—his wife and mother had been horrified at his appearance! How ashamed he felt to own him! He thanked his stars he was alone—he started at his voice.

“I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask you one question,” said the stranger turning suddenly round, ‘but it was his turn to be amazed now! He turned round on his seat, and sat gazing open-mouthed, motionless on the other.

“Can it be?—Yes, by heavens! Adrian!” he exclaimed, as he sprung forward and threw himself on his brother’s neck—and he wept upon his shoulder.

Adrian trembled like the aspen, and winced as though enduring the hug of a polar bear; he took this opportunity of glancing round, to see if they were not observed.

“ I am very glad to see you, Richard,” observed Adrian.

“ Glad to see me ! why in this moment of happiness, I forget all my sorrows ! Years of hardship are repaid by seeing you ! Did you not recognize me when I said I had lived here before, for to tell you the truth, I scarce looked at you, believing you to be a stranger, so intent was I in thoughts of you, my brother, and those who are gone to their long home ? ”

“ I was not sure it was you— ”

“ Well, I am a good deal altered, I doubt not, since I was wicked enough to run away— I have had a rough time of it. But what a smart man you are grown, Adrian.”

“ I am married, Richard— ”

“ Married ! how I should like to see your wife ! ”

“ You have seen her ! ”

“ What the other day, when I was standing at the gates, two ladies—a pretty young one ? ”

interrupted Richard. Adrian nodded assent. "I was in hopes that I had not been observed, for to say the truth, I am not very trim just at present" continued Richard, looking down and smiling at his nether garments, "I was so anxious to see the old place—I came here on purpose to try and find out something about you—that I rang at the bell, and who should answer the door but old Betsy Winton. I was in a tremble lest she should discover me, but she had no suspicion of who I was, I believe, but she did not seem to like my appearance, and I was so foolish I could not make up my mind to ask a word about you."

"I fear," said Adrian, after consideration, "I cannot ask you to call just at present—for we are so unsettled."

"You cannot ask me to call!" said Richard, slowly repeating his brother's words. "Is that your only greeting of me, after all these years of absence? You 'cannot ask me to call!' Is that the reception of your nearest and only

relative upon earth? The brother you believed dead, you are perhaps sorry to find alive again! I left you a boy, I find you a man—a prosperous, married man—has the world taught you cold-heartedness? The world has used me hardly, since we parted; but I would not change with you—friendless outcast as I am! You see I am a poor devil, so you despise me! For years I have had but one wish, to see you again; amidst all dangers and difficulties, by sea and land—when all was dark and gloomy, one star shone out brightly in my heavens, and that was the star of my home! Home! what home is there for the broken-hearted? Do you think I came here to implore your pity—to beg your charity, or to borrow your money? My prayer is heard, I have seen you again; and thus I take the last leave of my brother!”

So saying, he flung the gate back on its hinges, and strode away.

Adrian stood for a moment, uncertain how to act. He thought he would run after him,

and call him back, and beg him to think more kindly of him; but when he had decided to do so, Richard could nowhere be seen.

“Well, it cannot be helped,” thought Adrian; “perhaps it is best that it should be so.”

He returned slowly from the outside, and locked the gates. But his spirits were depressed; there was a weight upon his mind; his conscience did not acquit him. He walked back to the house, but breathed not a word of his adventure to Mrs. Winton; and then he walked on gravely and moodily to Sandford, and he arrived home in Gower-street at last.

His wife met him in the passage, and vowed she would never let him stay away again so long.

“And have you settled everything to your satisfaction, love?”

“Yes, everything, and ‘The Retreat’ is ours!”

“You are so much later than I expected, that I feared something had happened,” said Mrs. Moreton, as he entered the dining-room. “Tell me now first, dear Adrian, how is your old nurse, Winton?”

“Perfectly well, as far as I know.”

“And her nights have been undisturbed?”

“I did not hear to the contrary,” Adrian answered, with a little impatience of manner.

“There, excellent mamma, allow that you were wrong for once!” said Ellen, laughing.

The old lady inwardly returned thanks.

“And the horrid sailor, you saw nothing more of him?”

“He is gone.”

“But did you see him?”

“No!”

He was false to his wife for the first time. “*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*” He was allowed after that to attack the dinner that was prepared for him, free from further interrogatories.

“You are not yourself to-night, Adrian. I am sure something must have happened to you to-day. Is there anything on your mind?” enquired his attentive wife, as they sat later in the evening, and she looked up in his face.

“I was thinking of the new purchase—but I own I feel very weary with my day’s work.”

Adrian tried to rouse himself, and to think and to talk of other things; but the image of his brother still haunted him; yet he kept the secret to himself!

CHAPTER VII

THE sound of the wheels which bore the elder Horn from Sandford had scarcely died away, when a small boat was rowed alongside the jetty before-mentioned, as being in front of "The Jolly Rovers." One of the oarsmen jumped ashore, and fastened the painter to a stump, while the other steadied the little craft with the boat-hook. They then handed a young man on to *terra-firma*, who was sitting in the stern-sheets with the tiller ropes in his hands. He looked about thirty, perhaps some-

thing more, his face was bronzed with the sun, but his cheeks were wan and hollow. The blue jacket and loose trowsers announced the sea-faring man; but "the cut of his gib," as they say, was of a higher rig than ordinary.

An anxious pair of mother's eyes was watching the arrival, and from an upper window of "The Retreat," a handkerchief could just be seen, waved, no doubt, by Betsy Winton's hands.

This then was Bobby, mate of "The Saucy Jack," of whom we have heard already several times.

"Step to 'The Rovers,' my lads, and get what refreshment you like, and I will come down to you there."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the men; and the mate walked off briskly in the direction of "The Retreat."

He had not proceeded far, when approaching footsteps, and his name pronounced, made him turn quickly round.

"Hulloa!" shouted the mate, somewhat startled.

"If you are not Bob Winton, my name is not Richard Horn!" said the latter, walking up hastily to the astonished mate, with his hand extended.

"Richard Horn! Can I believe my eyes? Are you really Richard?"

"I really am Richard, commonly called Dick, and I wish I was neither."

"Bless me! Is it possible? Yes, I begin to make you out, now. Well, I am d—d glad to see you, and no mistake. Upon my life, I thought you would turn up, some day. So here you are—hull knocked about a little, I dare say—but timbers all sound, eh? A fid o'paint would set you all smart again."

"Yes; and the seams might be payed with some advantage," said Richard, laughing, but coloring at the same time, as he looked over himself.

"Ah, you were a precious wild one, master Dick!"

"I am sure I am tame enough now, then, Bob," said Horn, with a melancholy expression.

"What a number of years, since we met ! Not since we went bird-nesting together—do you recollect it ?" asked the mate.

"I should think I did, by token of the severe thrashing the farmer gave me; and I moreover recollect that the other culprit, one Robert Winton, ran away," said Richard, smiling.

"I must confess to that; but I flung a shower of stones at old Hodge, from the back of the hedge."

"Which as often hit me as him."

"I won't run away from you again, I'll warrant—nor let you escape, either. Now, tell me, what brings you here, Richard ? Where are you staying ?" asked Winton, glancing at his friend's thread-bare apparel.

"I am not staying anywhere in particular," replied the other, with some hesitation. "I am

going away immediately—I only remained here to see you.”

“To see me! You knew, then, that I was expected?”

“They told me so at ‘The Rovers.’ The fact is, I came down here to try to hear of my brother, having failed in gaining any tidings of him in London. I saw your mother at the old house; she did not twig me, and lucky too, for to say truth, I fear she would not think me improved in my appearance, for my rigging is not quite as *taut* as it might be.”

“Never mind that,” said young Winton; “an old face and a friend’s heart are worth all the slop-seller’s spick-and-span clothing in the world! And you could learn nothing about your brother?”

“I have seen him; he is coming to live there,” replied Richard, pointing towards the house.

“That is good news for you,” exclaimed Robert.

“Well, perhaps it ought to be; but we won’t talk about that,” and Richard brushed his sleeve across his eyes. “It is no use concealing from you, Bob, times are very hard with me. I have been an unlucky dog; and I am going to look out for a berth on board a merchant.”

“You are cut out for better work than that, Richard. But can I not be of some use to you in that line? I stand well with my employers, and as soon as we get a freight, we shall be off again to the West Indies. But, Dick Horn cannot be so changed as to pass by an old friend’s house without a hail! You know that my father and mother will be right glad to see you—you were always a great favorite of theirs—you won’t refuse me, I hope? I must now go and see my mother; afterwards, we will walk over to Dumpton, and look up the old governor. You must come and stay with me there, and then you shall have the benefit of my advice—for I am a terrible sea-lawyer, I

assure you ; besides, I can't part with you till we have compared logs. I've lots to tell you, and I am most curious to hear all your adventures."

"Bless you for your kindness, Robert ; you're as generous a hearted fellow as ever," said poor Dick, stopping short, for they were approaching 'The Retreat;' "but I cannot go any further with you. I cannot enter those gates again ; besides, I don't wish it known that I return a beggar to these parts—my brother is coming to reside here, it would not be pleasant for him."

"Nonsense, Dick," interrupted the other. "First of all, who the deuce will know you ? and secondly, *I* won't peach, trust me for that ! Now can't you just wait until I have done the dutiful to my mother. I sha'n't be long—and then, we will have another yarn before we part."

"Very good, Robert, I can't say nay to you. I shall be within hail, somewhere handy to the

yew-trees in the church-yard ; but promise not to tell your mother."

" All right ! make sure of that. I'll be back in a jiffey !" and he skipped away for the interview with his parent.

Horn watched him, till he was out of sight, with swimming eyes. How pleased his mother would be to see her son, he thought, and alas ! there was no one to welcome *him*.

He turned towards the church, with his head bent down. It was impossible for him not to contrast the honest, hearty welcome of his sailor friend, with the reception he had met with from his long-sought brother !

Mrs. Winton, the commandant of the garrison of "The Retreat," faithful to her trust, remained within its walls, but kept a sharp look-out from a side-window. When she perceived her son hastening along the road, she rushed down stairs, and flew with open arms to meet him.

" Bobby, Bobby, my darling ! Here you are

at last! I have longed indeed for this happy moment! And you are quite safe and well? I am sure I have prayed often enough for you!"

How she hugged him, that fond mother, sobbing and talking all the time! Then she held him at arm's length to admire him.

"You have grown thin, my dear boy! Have you been ill? Come into the house and tell me all about it."

She led him along as if he had been a two-year old. He then underwent a maternal overhauling. He tried to laugh away his mother's fears, but she pressed him hard, and he was forced to admit that he had suffered from a slight touch of "yellow Jack" in the West Indies, and that he had afterwards caught cold, but that he was now as well as ever, only a little weak.

Betsy Winton's eyes moistened again, as she recollected that a slight cold had been the first symptoms of disease in the boy they had lost. She earnestly hoped that Robert might be in-

duced to give up the sea; he was very precious to them, and there was plenty for them all to live upon.

Bob was obstinate on this point, and declared that he could not renounce his profession, that he was never well on land, at all events, he was pledged for another voyage, and when he returned, they could talk the matter over again.

The mother had a thousand questions to ask, but the son taking advantage of her stopping for breath, jumped up, and said he must be off, as he had a friend waiting for him, who had promised to accompany him to Dumpton, and whom he hoped to retain there as a guest for a few days. He promised to be over again early to bring his mother home, (whose period of watch and ward had nearly expired). So he kissed his worthy parent again, snatched up his hat, and ran away.

“Now, Bobby, pray do not run and heat

yourself!" cried Mrs. Winton after her flying offspring; but he was lost to sight in less than no time!

He was afraid lest Richard should take advantage of the delay, and give him the slip.

He arrived panting at the yew-trees, and for some time was confirmed in this opinion, for he sought in vain. A loud groan close at hand arrested his attention, and froze the blood in his veins, with the conviction that his ancient playmate had committed suicide!

On closer inspection, he was relieved from his suspense, for there, amidst the long grass, lay Richard Horn, senseless to the pains of life, wrapped in profoundest sleep, with upturned face and gaping mouth, snoring mightily!

Winton first went to "The Rovers," to settle the score of the two stout fellows, who were carousing at his expense. They had belonged to "The Saucy Jack," and were just paid off.

They hoped to serve in her again, and they gave three hearty cheers for the mate as they quitted the tavern.

He then rejoined his friend Dick, and they started together across the fields to Dumpton. The evening was fast closing in ; but there was no danger of their missing the way, every angle, and turning, and tree had been familiarised to them by juvenile exploits.

An hour's sharp walking brought them within the paternal enclosures. On the way, Winton had been obliged two or three times to call a halt to gain breath ; the earnestness of their conversation made them forget the pace at which they were moving. As Robert stooped to raise the latch of the wicket which led into the garden, his companion begged that he would remember to preserve his incognito.

Winton tapped gently at the door.

"Who's there?" cried a gruff voice from within.

"Two poor hungry sailors, come to ask your charity," said Robert, in a feigned voice.

"Here, Susan, child, open the door—no, stop, I'll do it. Now then, let's have a look at ye," said the same voice, whilst the door was being unbarred, "if you are really poor, hungry sailors—I don't know what brings them here at this hour though—walk in and welcome, but if you are skulking lubbers you have come to the wrong box, that's all. Now then," said old Winton, flaring the candle upon Horn, who was foremost, "you certainly look like what you state; what ship did you last belong to?"

"The 'Saucy Jack,' brig," replied Richard, touching the brim of his hat with his forefinger.

"Oh, oh! and pray what is the mate's name?" enquired the farmer, thinking that question a clencher.

"Robert Winton *was* the mate," replied Richard in the same imperturbable tone.

“ Was ? ” — the father’s face fell.

“ Ay, he *was* ! but he has cut and run, bolted and got slick off, and letter R. is placed against his name — ”

“ You infernal rascal, I don’t believe a word of it, how dare you say he has run ? ”

“ So he has, father, run home,” exclaimed Robert, darting forward, and throwing his arms round his father’s neck.

“ My boy, my boy ! ” shouted the sire. It is easy to imagine how warmly the greetings were interchanged. “ And who’s this ? a ship-mate of yours ? ” enquired the old man.

“ No ! a friend. One Tom Bunker.”

He was instantly made heartily welcome by the Patriarch.

“ Ha ! you young rascals, you thought to bother the old one, eh ? but he aint the party to swallow one word against his boy, Bob ! ” said the farmer, chuckling at his penetration.

Sister Susan, a very pretty blue-eyed girl (not *black*-eyed, as we have learnt to believe

that most Susan's are) came in for a large share of cordiality ; she was introduced in proper form to Mr. Bunker, who not only had prepared his best bow for the occasion, but shook her heartily by the hand. She then betook herself to her duties, and bustled about, in connexion with a small maid-of-all-work, in preparation for the evening meal.

Soon all was in readiness, and they sat round the table, a merry party. Old Winton was a fine-looking man, much older, apparently, than his wife. Our poor friend with the new name required no pressing to do justice to the ample fare, he declared with his mouth full to the choking point, that supper was always his favorite meal. Had he spoken as truly as his looks did for him, he would have confessed that this was his only meal of that day, for he had arrived at his uttermost farthing !

Robert could not keep pace with his friend's appetite, and that first directed his sire's more particular attention to him ; he then perceived

that alteration in his appearance, which the mother's more watchful eye had detected at a glance. Robert declared, in reply to the enquiries, that he was all right, though the hard work lately might have pulled him down a bit. He applied himself to a brown jug which foamed with the home-brew, and as he raised the frothy mixture to his lips, he drank to his mother's health, and the toast went cordially round. He thus withdrew the attention from himself; he had an insuperable objection to be looked upon as an invalid.

Mr. Bunker having made an end of all things, was complimented on his assiduity by the hospitable landlord, who pronounced him a creditable performer with his knife and fork, and consequently a hearty fellow.

All was then made snug for the night, as old Winton expressed it. The chairs were drawn round the fire-place, which was one of those capacious ones which we see in old houses, our ancestors having evidently understood the

meaning of a snug chimney-corner better than we do. The lofty mantel-shelf of carved oak too, was so delightfully inconvenient, that no one under the height of Farmer Winton could reach it. There was a cutlass and brace of long pistols, and a rusty blunderbuss slung across the wood-work under the ceiling, and a few prints decorated the walls, illustrative of the pursuits or tastes of the master. There was "The Sailor's Return," "The Smuggler's Cove," "The Pressgang," "The Battle of the Nile," and "The Death of Nelson."

Pretty Susan bestirred herself in preparing her father's evening potation, and having ministered—like another Hebe—to the wants of the guests, brought her chair, and seated herself very close to her brother. He produced a bundle of cheroots from his pocket, and Richard and he soon became involved in clouds of light-blue smoke, while the paternal Winton continued faithful to his clay and genuine shag.

Robert had to withstand a cross-fire of questions from father and sister, and, at length, to silence their batteries he detailed pretty nearly all that had occurred in his last voyage. Richard was next brought upon the *tapis*, but at every home-thrust he puffed more vigorously and entangled himself more obscurely in the tobacco wreaths. The old man remembered to have sailed with a Bunker once, and asked him of his lineage: but a sly nudge from Robert stopped his father's enquiries on that head, and Mr. Bunker appearing more disposed to listen than to talk, the host turned the conversation on a very fruitful theme, his own life and adventures, for his business had been on the great waters, as already has been related, and he had seen many of the wonders of the deep, and, with the exception of The Great Sea Serpent, by his own account, he had made acquaintance with most of the monsters, who habited there, and knew them by their names!

He had commenced his early career as a

boy in his Majesty's fleet—he had been taken prisoner by the French, and after enduring every sort of hardship, he had effected his escape. Then there were tales of press-gangs, and such cuttings-in, and such cuttings-out, as would set your hair on end!

The old man, warmed with his story, and his eyes lighted up as he described "hair-breath 'scapes by flood and field." The exertion made him thirsty, and his "jorum of hot stuff" had to be furnished again, whilst he dilated on tales, that

"Would rouse adventurous courage in a boy,
Making him long to be a mariner,
That he might roam the main."

It seemed, however, to have a contrary effect upon Susan, who having sat up much beyond her usual hour, went trembling to her room, and summoning the little hand-maid, searched under the bed, before she consigned herself to the coverlets.

The party below continued till a late hour. Old Winton, whose heart was opened, disclosed more scenes of his eventful history, he gave some sketches of life on board a privateer, of the pleasure of buccaneering for yourself in a small way, and the excitement of running tubs on your own account.

He wound up with a song, which he was only known to have done on very peculiar occasions. It was a sea-song, of course, and all about the "old wooden walls," and the superiority of British Tar to the foreign article; then being wound up to concert pitch, they piped all hands, and joined in an uproarious chorus, tending much to dispel all chance of beauty-sleep to the blue-eyed damsel over head.

The governor now rose to depart, and seizing a candle-stick which held a flickering flame, he marked his somewhat devious course to the door by a stream of tallow on the floor. Then he "brought-up," as the sea-term is, with

a hiccup, and announced himself ready, as in duty bound, to show Bunker where his bed was prepared. But the young man would not hear of his troubling himself, no not for the world; and an argument likely to prove protracted, was amicably disposed of by all three agreeing to see one another to bed!

They left the room, arm in arm, an unto-ward pan of coals lay lurking at the foot of the stairs; the venerable parent, with his best leg foremost, stepped upon it, he stumbled, and the trio sprawled upon the ground!

The father's feelings were hurt, and the son's regret was poignant at his sire's downfall, they arose, and seated on the stairs and mat, they rubbed their broken skins, but it was impossible to avoid laughing, a cackle first from Bunker, gave the note for a general burst of merriment.

A door was heard opening above, so they skulked off to find their berths as best they might, as we may have seen disconcerted cats

upon a house-top, spring off each a separate way, when roused to fears of personal security, the night-capped neighbour, whose rest they have disturbed, having incontinently discharged his blunderbuss into the centre of the conclave.

CHAPTER VIII

THE sun shone brightly next morning at Dump-ton, as it probably did elsewhere. Susan rose with the lark and other early birds, fresh as the morning dew, despite that her slumbers had not been undisturbed. By the combined energies of herself and little Nancy, all was speedily made straight below; the coals were gathered up—the casements were opened wide, and the mephitic atmosphere of the kitchen, with the pent-up fumes of tobacco and spirits,

were quickly being displaced by pure hydrogen and oxygen.

Old Winton soon appeared, as hale and hearty as ever. He kissed his blooming daughter, and went forth on his avocations. The young men were not stirring yet. Susan walked up noiselessly and listened at the door of her brother's room, but she considerably forbore to awake him. As to Mr. Bunker, the snores that proceeded from his apartment, left no doubt as to how he was employed.

At eight o'clock—that generally implied hour of muster-roll—they had all assembled at breakfast. Pork and fresh eggs were there, and hot cakes—in the manufacture of which Susan greatly prided herself.

“How are ye, my hearties?” said the farmer, as the young men entered, and although there was a laugh lurking in each and everyone's eye, still no allusion was made to the previous night, until, Susan happening to leave the

room, the old man addressed his son with much seriousness of manner.

"I fear, Bob, your ship was not as steady under canvass, last night, as she might have been."

"No; I can't say that she was, father, for she was taken in tow by an old man-of-war (an old seventy-four, I believe) who foundered."

"Dear me," interrupted Tom Bunker, assuming an aspect of grave concern, "I wish I had been in company at that time, as I might have rendered assistance; but I fancy I must have turned into my berth—and a very snug one, too—long before you fired your signals of distress."

The re-appearance of Miss Susan stopped the current of their conversation.

The dutiful Robert went off in the cart, to bring his mother home, as also to convey his own sea-chest.

Dick seemed to have no wish to re-visit Sandford at present, and so, accompanied old Winton, and took a lesson in agriculture. By dinner time, Mrs. Winton had arrived, and no happier party ever sat round a homely table, albeit that the good mother was an anxious soul, and had her sighs and fears. She immediately recognized the guest as being the person who had applied to her for admittance, and had afterwards been the cause of terror to the ladies. There was an involuntary start as Bob displayed his friend Bunker, and during dinner Betsey's eyes were attentively watching the young men.

"Come hither, dear Bobby," said his mother, on the first opportunity of speaking to him alone; "now tell me, is that not Richard Horn?"

"Lor, mother—how could you? Well, I never!" stammered out the son, fairly taken aback.

"Nay, but I feel sure it is! Naughty boy, to have secrets from your mother!"

"I never had a secret from you, mother. This is his secret, not mine. It's no use denying it—he is Richard Horn."

He then proceeded to satisfy his mother's curiosity, thinking, thereby, that he was best serving his friend's interests.

"Any friend of yours, you know would be welcome here; but he is doubly welcome."

The good soul wanted to give him a better room than the one he now occupied, and to supply him with better fare, but Robert was quite opposed to any amelioration in their treatment of him—reminding her how hard, of late, their poor guest had fared, and that, with his sensitive feelings, he would be keen to mark the difference, and would be sure to take speedy flight. Mrs. Winton saw the wisdom of this, and promised to keep the secret,

They were bright days at Dumpton Farm. Horn, under his assumed name, soon acquired popularity—he had not been so happy before—his reckless, open, and sincere character, and his thorough *bonhommie*, could not fail to make him a favorite, and whenever he appeared inclined to brood, his considerate friend took care to rouse him from his reverie. Richard disdained a life of idleness, or rather his spirit revolted at being the dependant on the generosity of others, and so implored the old man to give him work on the farm. The latter, to relieve his guest's mind, contrived to find occupation for him in odd jobs; but whatever was the work assigned, he applied himself with such vigour and heartiness to his task, that the farmer was soon at his wit's ends to keep him employed.

In the evening it was very snug, that happy little party—the song and tale went round—Susan's ministrations were kept in continual requisition, and she always blushed as she

timidly enquired if she should mix for Mr. Bunker, who never had courage to say "no" to her. The hours, however, of their revels were greatly curtailed since Mrs. Winton's return (in that particular Bunker voted her a bore, the others in their hearts, perhaps, felt the same) she urged especially on her son the advantages of going early to bed. In a thousand little amusing ways, she was repeatedly on the point of betraying her secret, and was always planning how she could add to her foster-son's comfort, without his discovering it! She looked forward with dread to the time of Robert's departure, but it was a great consolation to her to learn that he was to be accompanied by his friend.

One sunny afternoon, when Richard appeared unusually thoughtful, Bob Winton proposed a stroll, and having replenished his case with cheroots, they sallied forth.

"Richard," said the mate, after they had proceeded some distance, "you promised one

day to give me your adventures. We can't have a better opportunity, so let's make for the seat under yonder clump of trees, and if you have a mind, heave a-head, overhaul the log, and let's know everything that has befallen you for better or for worse, as the parson says, and if I fall asleep, you can report me, and stop and take breath. Now then, sharp's the word."

Richard forewarned him that it would be a tough yarn, but he brought it on himself. He proceeded to extract a large pocket-book from the breast of his coat, to which he referred to refresh his memory. His style was a curious, off-handed one, ranging from high to low, but could not be characterized as either attaining to the sublime or ridiculous. It savoured occasionally of the ideas of the man of education, but they were frequently wrapped up in the parlance of the forecastle.

"If my story be a long one," he began, "it

won't be my fault; for you have pressed me into your service, so the word passed for'ard is 'must,' I suppose; at the same time I can't help thinking, that if I could discharge some of the odds and ends that are floating about in my upper store-room, I should be in all the better trim. A yarn to be spun in a ship-shape, seaman-like manner, should begin somewhere near the beginning, so I'll just drop astern a bit, and cast my eyes back to the times when you and I were play-mates.

“ I never was a favorite at home with any one, except Sally the cook-maid, and she took to me, I fear, only from perversity, for she was of a contrary spirit, as I often heard my mother say. As a child I wasn't much of a beauty either, although from my present appearance you would hardly believe that, eh, Bob? that, however, was no fault of mine, as I respectfully observed to my parents one day, nor had I any more to do with the choosing my name, seeing that I was considered too young at the time of

my christening to be asked my opinion. All I know about it is, that one Richard Smith was my godfather—the only one I ever heard of—and I presume he promised and vowed, or somebody did for him, and that's all I ever got out of him.

“ My brother and I were very good friends when we did not fall out, and that was pretty often. I was very fond of him all the same, although if there was a row, I was the one sure to be blamed. You may remember that I was turned away from one school in consequence of my thrashing a boy who bullied my brother, and he was also the cause of my running away from the next school, although it was not his fault. It was precious dull work at home, as you may suppose; my father I seldom saw, and when I did, our meetings were not over pleasant, and my mother seldom spoke, except to reprove me.

“ We were then at ‘ The Retreat,’ and you came over with your mother to see us some-

times ; you were at the parson's school at Sandford, if I mistake not ? About the first thing I remember of you, is your taking me on board a collier on the river, and the skipper sent us ashore in the jolly-boat, considerably the worse for the strong rum with which he far too plentifully supplied us ? you recollect that ?

“Egad ! I shall never forget the head-ache I endured all next day. On cool reflection I made up my mind that however pleasant the getting drunk might be, the getting sober was detestable, and that the only real happiness was to keep up the intoxication. Regardless of expense, I provided myself with a gimlet, and a few long straws, and I proceeded to carry out my views by entering the coal-hole. There was but a lath and plaster partition between that and the beer-cellar, against which a convenient barrel of strong ale rested. I was shortly enabled to insert one of my straws into it, and fixing the others on end, I sat behind a heap of big coals in

quiet enjoyment, sipping away to my heart's content.

“The drawing-room bell rang, for coals, I presume, and in came Sally with a coal-scuttle. I remained still, and she was just retiring, when I kicked down an ugly lump of coal. She threw the scuttle down, and rushed out screaming ten thousand murders!

“I followed to the kitchen, where she had sunk upon a chair. I fell down on my knees at her feet, and called her all the most beautiful names I could think of—angels and loves, all that sort of thing, and clasping hold of her great mutton-fist, I offered her the advantage of my name, with all my substance, and half of my bed-room, if she would be mine!

“Poor Sally's eyes and mouth opened to their full extent; at last she perceived how matters stood, she exclaimed in anything but accents of reciprocal admiration,

““You dirty, little, tipsy rascal! Get up

immediately—I'll tell your mother of you, I will!"

"But she didn't. It was not necessary, there stood my mother on the threshold!

"I bolted through the scullery out to the water-butt, and ducked my head into it, for I was as black as the coals that I had been keeping company with. I naturally avoided my parents' society still more after this, for I feared that their high estimation of my character might be prejudiced by this move.

"We left the country for London, and I was all impatience for Adrian's return for the holidays. He came at last—but unhappily I found that I was no better off than heretofore, there was such a difference in their treatment of us, and they seemed to wish to keep us separate.

"I heard my father say one day to some friend in reply to a question about me, that he did not know what to do with me, he had heard

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of some strict school in some distant county, but he did not think me worth the carriage, and said he,

“ ‘ That boy is born a blackguard, sir !’

“ Since I’ve been abroad in the wide world, I’ve seen many a good man spoilt by harshness, when one soft word would have brought him to his duty, and made him grateful for ever. I can’t help thinking that this was somewhat my case—I’ve not a bad heart, Bob—and even now I can’t talk of these things without my eyes filling, and poor father and mother are gone to their last long account—I’ll never say one word against them !

“ I felt very miserable at what I heard, and hid myself, and cried bitterly. I cursed my stars, that I was born a blackguard ! The idea of a strict school was horrible to me. I had not the relief of being able to speak to anyone of my sorrows, as I am now doing, and somehow I did not feel that Adrian would like to listen to them—I resolved to help myself, as

nobody would do it for me, and that night, under the bed-clothes, I planned an escape !

“ It was grey morning when I awoke—I started from my bed, and looked out of the window. I slept in a back attic which looked into a mews ; I saw no one about—the early helpers who did all the work for the gentlemen’s coachmen had not yet arrived—and as I peered forth, I heard the church-clocks chime four.

“ There was no time to be lost, I hurried on my clothes—a boy’s toilet never takes long—a shilling and my clasp-knife was all I had to stow away in my pocket, and I slipped down stairs. Even the stairs seemed to bear me ill-will ; how abominably they creaked and groaned, as they never had done before, and I thought I must be caught in the act !

“ To unbar, unbolt, and unlock the front-door without being heard, was almost impossible, besides, as soon as the maids came down, there would be an inquiry, so I gently opened

the stair-case window, just wide enough for one to get through, and then I stepped out upon the wall that divided our garden from the neighbour's—I was accustomed to climb about in search of cats and small birds, and my cross-bow has bereaved many an old girl of her tabby ! From the wall I scrambled to the roof of our stables, and landed safely in the outside yard, by clinging hold of a water-pipe. No one was stirring, so I walked up the mews into the street ; at the corner was a watch-box, the faithful guardian of our lives and property was snoring with all his might—I could not resist the temptation of closing the flap-door, and having turned the key, I scampered off as fast as my legs would carry me.

“ I ran on, and on, and lost myself in the maze of streets, till emerging from a narrow lane, I found myself in Oxford Street. I heard the sound of many voices and much laughter, and thinking my hurried pace would look sus-

picious, I walked leisurely, as though I was a young gentleman taking an airing !

“ I soon came up to the spot from whence the merriment proceeded. There was a noisy group about a stall, on which was disposed sundry cups *minus* their saucers, an earthenware pan which did duty as a sugar-basin, and in which reposed the only spoon in the service, (barring the customers), a blackened coffee-pot kept hot upon a pan of coals, a loaf of stale bread, and a suspicious-looking lump of butter. A vile looking old porpoise of a woman, with a handkerchief tied over her flattened bonnet and under her chin, and with a short pipe stuck in her mouth, was dealing out the delicacies of her table to the knot of odd characters who stood about her.

“ There was a fine-looking, big seaman, whom we should now twig in a moment, Bob, as being an A. B. ; he had in tow under each arm two splendid girls, hats and feathers, flounces,

and silk-stockings, for what I know, quite the spicy rig however, and over his shoulder was swung a bundle on a crooked stick; he appeared to be standing treat to all comers. Then there was a sleepy-looking hackney-coach-man, who evidently having had a drop too much elsewhere, was just *off the stand*; a couple of swearing Irish paviors, a cadger wide-awake, as they always are, (though their sleepy looks and husky voices might impress one otherwise,) whose donkey with cabbages was close by, and a sweep with his bag over his shoulders, and I believe that's all.

“ ‘Tip-top of the morning to yer honor!’ said one, the Irishmen who first espied me as I approached.

“ ‘Coach, sir, coach?’ said the Jarvy, with a faint effort to look steady.

“ ‘Yo, ho! youngster, you’ve turned out betimes.—Here, you blessed old ’un, serve us out another pint of suck!’ said the man-o’-war’s-man, turning to the disposer of roasted beans

and sky-blue. Then presenting the cup to me, he said: 'There you be, my jolly young squeaker, never say I never gave you *nuffin*! that's what you get for being under weigh so early.'

" 'P'raps, may be, the young gent has been up late!' said the sweep, who was dying for a joke.

" 'I wish *yer* would take them nasty fingers of yourn out of my butter, Mr. clergyman, I've told *yer* of it twice—I would dust your jacket for *yer*, if it worn't so filthy black, I would!' screamed the coffee-wench.

" 'Shall I do it for you, missus?' replied the sweep, slyly, 'but I say,' continued he, "do you call that butter? I call it tallow and scrapings, and d—d bad 'uns too!"

" 'None of your sarce, *yer* black divil—take your fingers away, or I'll give 'em a licking—'

" 'Vy *lourd*, marm, you needn't trouble yourself, I'll do that myself!"

" This was a queer scene for me. Just out

of bed, and there I was being treated to coffee at an early breakfast-stall in Oxford Street! No wonder every word is so impressed on my mind, I see it now, as clear as if it happened yesterday!

“I was motionless for a moment, balancing with myself whether I ought to accept the proffered cup or not. The two ladies turned upon me, and addressed me with a string of palaver. One said I was a pretty dear, and that if I was good-natured I should give her the handkerchief which happened to be peeping from my jacket-pocket. I declined doing that however; she made a grab at it, and the other woman, coming behind, jerked my arm, and threw the contents of the cup which I held in my hand, over the flannel jacket of one of the Irishmen.

“‘Arrah! now you accursed spalpeen—you devil’s own varmint!’ spluttered out the fellow, in a furious rage, at the same time clutching hold of my collar with one of his enormous

paws, he shook me violently, 'I'll be after taiching you better manners; out with your shiners and tip me for this mess, or by the powers, I'll give you such a big whacking that your mother shan't know ye!'

" 'Leave me alone, or it will be the worse for you, you great brute! It was not my fault, you know it wasn't! Let me go, I say!' cried I, struggling to elude his grasp.

"The ladies were jumping round us, and screaming with delight.

"Och! I know them nasty drabs put you up to do it,' said my assailant, 'and I'll be after them in a twinkling!'

"Will you?" exclaimed one of the parties alluded to; and quick as thought, she raised her arm, and flattened the pavier's hat on his eyes.

"The slop-seller's board stood in danger of being capsized, and the old woman halloa'd to Pat to let the young urchin alone. The other Irishman of course took part in the fray, and

was d—— g every one up in heaps, and brandishing his arms, longing to be at somebody.

“The stout seaman, who had been looking on quietly all this time, came forward and put his hand on my enemy’s shoulder, and looking hard in his face, said, in a voice that admitted of no mistake,

“‘Belay there, mister Irishman! Withdraw your grapples—sheer off from this here young shaver! Fair play, and hit one your own size. We have had enough of this; cast off, I say, or d——n-me I’ll flatten your jib in, as sure as my name is Ben Martin!’

“The fight now became general. The sailor knocked down the first man, and I fell with him, so I scrambled away, and jumped up and pummelled right and left as well as I could. Luckily, my attacks were unnoticed, otherwise I should have been knocked into the middle of the next week, for the paviors hit like sledge-hammers. My defender fought

like a British tar; but the Irishmen were too much for him—for of course I take no reckoning of my slight arm. The women scratched and screamed, and called out for the watch, the rascally sweep, to add to the confusion overturned the coffee-shop; but assistance was now at hand, and the rattles were springing in all directions.

“The sailor gave one hasty look round, and perceiving the Charleys close at hand, planted two ugly, straight-on-end facers, as a parting blessing to the enemy, picked up his stick (but the latter slipped through his fingers) and seeing that the coast was clear in front, bolted off like a shot.

“‘I might be caught and taken home—I might have been traced as the culprit who locked the watch-box!’ These were the thoughts of the instant; I darted down, picked up my companion’s stick, and flew after him like lightning. I caught a glimpse of him as he turned the corner—I pursued him down

several streets; I was as active as a powder-monkey. He never looked back once; at last as I neared him, he turned his head and saw me. He shortened sail immediately, and I handed him his stick, which was a very queer looking one, and he seemed right glad to get hold of it again.

“ ‘D——n-me, youngster,’ said he, resting with his hand on his hip, and puffing for breath, ‘you would do honor to your country, and Ben Martin aint the cove to forget it! That bit o’timber is valuable to me; but I thought I should be grabbed if I stopped to pick it up. Well, that was a spree—wasn’t it? But blow me if my throat aint as dry as a purser’s bread-bag! Come along with me, and I’ll show you a snug berth!’

“ I kept close to him, and he said something about ‘splicing the main-brace,’ which in my ignorance, as I perceived that he kept continually hitching up his trousers, I deemed might

be requisite, and fancied he was running for some shop to refit after the fight.

“I had lost all reckoning of our course, until we came out on the broad road again at Knightsbridge. My leader dived down a little dirty court, and gave three taps at the door of a house, over which was written, ‘Accommodation for Travellers.’ A suspicious looking old hunk let us in; there were a dozen people at least lying about in all directions. The heat and the stench was enough to knock one down. The shutters were still up, and the place was only lighted by one streaming tallow candle on a table, at which two or three dissolute-looking scamps were seated, playing at cards, and puffing out bad tobacco. On the floor, huddled together, was a whole family of trampers, young and old, with their bundles under them. It was difficult, at first coming from the broad day-light, to find one’s way, or to see anything. Our entrance appeared to cause no surprise, the men just looked up from the cards, and gave an extra glance at me.

“ ‘ Now then, Nonkey,’ shouted the sailor to the man who had let us in, and throwing down his straw hat on the vacant space, he sunk into a chair ; ‘ look smart, and give us a couple o’ drams. May-be that’s too stiff for your wizzen so early, young master, what would you like ?’

“ ‘ A glass of water,’ I replied, humbly, for I was very thirsty after the excitement ; but I did not like to be treated, and I felt for the lone shilling in my corner-pocket.

“ ‘ Water ?’ said Ben Martin, ‘ bad stuff this time o’ day, or, indeed, at any time, without summut in it, cold on the *stomich*—take a little purl ?’

“ ‘ Anything you please, sir !’

“ ‘ Purl, then, Nonkey, and a dollop of soft tommy and cheese, and stir your stumps !’ cried he.

“ I just put the mug that was set before me to my lips, but the heat and smell of the room quite overpowered me. My friend asked for a little water for me, and I washed my face, and

rubbed the mud off my clothes. He quickly tossed off his measure of spirits, and then parleyed a bit with a couple of brother tars, whom I had not at first discovered, and who had just come up the road; he asked some questions as to what progress a certain ship made in fitting out, after that he jumped up—threw the score on the table—stopped my hand, which was fumbling in pursuit of my fortune—and said,

“ ‘ Let’s be off!’ ”

“ ‘ I suppose we part company now, my hearty,’ said he, bringing up as soon as we had cleared the court, ‘ I am bound for Portsmouth, and must make all sail. If you’re going down the road, come along with me, and if you’re out on liberty, and have a mind to see the big ships, pass the word, you shall travel for nothing, and shan’t cost me anything neither.’ ”

“ I was quite at a loss to understand this method of cheap travelling; but I saw he was in a hurry, so I thought there would be no harm to accompany him until I could decide

upon some plan in my mind. I looked upon him as a god-send, I rejoiced to have some companion in my loneliness. My only design had been to escape from home, beyond that I had not a thought—what I was to do—where I was to go—and how I was to live, had never entered my head!

CHAPTER IX.

“THE tall seaman started off at a slapping pace, and I had almost to run at his side, to keep abreast of him. He told me he was anxious to get in time to join ‘The Magnificent,’ which was fitting in all haste for sea. He had sailed before with the captain who had just commissioned her, and was sure of a berth if he could get there in time. He had been on a cruise along shore, and had been up to London for a lark since he was paid off from some ship, I forget the name of it, his money

was nearly all gone ; but nevertheless, he could show me a trick or two, by which he and his friends could return to Portsmouth gratis. In London, of course, he had been living a life of revelry and dissipation, like most of us seafaring chaps, as long as his money held out, and when I fell in with him, he was supposed to be on the high road to Portsmouth, having promised a free passage to the ladies. He had cut and run from the fight in that hasty manner, because he feared if he had been clapped in limbo by the old white-coats, he might have been too late for his ship, and also his more sober thoughts prompted him to cut adrift from the two flashy frigates, of whose company he had had enough.

“ ‘It strikes me, youngster,’ said he, after we had been walking some little time, ‘that you have made a bolt from school, eh?’ and he looked through me from the corner of one of his most cunning-looking little black eyes.

“‘No!’ said I, quite taken a-back, and hesitating in my answer.

“‘Well, something like it, eh?’

“Gradually he extracted a good deal of my history, I couldn’t help telling him, and then he asked me what I intended to do; but on that point, I could give him no information.

“As we walked up Wimbledon hill, we overtook a Jew-pedlar, toiling along with his box of wares, a brass-bound sort of mahogany desk slung across his shoulders.

“‘Hulloa, Moses, what cheer? what’s the price of pigs?’ said my travelling companion, laughing.

“‘Vy, pigs is riz, since you sailors have took to chawing their tails! he, he! There, my tear, you will not *shave* your bacon, he! he!’ replied the Jew, quite pleased with his own wit.

“‘I don’t want to *shave* my bacon,’ observed Ben, grinning.

“ ‘ Vell, my tear, if you did, I could sell you the razor that would do it !’

“ ‘ As sharp a blade as yourself, eh, Moses ? but what will you give me to carry that pack of yours ?’

“ ‘ Nothing, my tear, because you might run away, and I could not catch you. You’re honest man, I no doubt, but s’help me I never trust no one, and for vy ? ’cause no one trusts me !’

“ We had many jokes with the old Jew ; the cautious old rogue would not tell us where he was going ; he said he was visiting here and there. On the common we sat down to rest for a few minutes, so Moses took the opportunity of displaying his treasure, to tempt us. There were pen-knives and razors, and spectacles, and jewellery.

“ ‘ Here,’ said he, producing a gilt chain, ‘ is a *schplended* gold chain, to make people believe that you’ve got a gold watch at the end of it—you shall have it for nothing, half what

it cost!’ We shook our heads. ‘Vell, now here’s a silver ring, with a precious stone, I’ll give this away for two-and-nine!’

“My friend said he wanted some gew-gaws for Poll Luff, and tried the ring on his little finger; from ‘two-and-nine,’ they descended at last to one shilling, and then Ben made the following proposal:

“‘I’ll tell you what, old skin-and-beard, you seem a pleasant file, and I don’t know that I ever took so much to a Jew before—hand us over the ring, and by all that’s blue, I’ll stand a jolly blow-out at ‘The Game Cock’ at Kingston! is it a bargain?’

“‘Wait a bit, my *goot* friend; give me the blow-out first, and s’help me, you shall have the ring afterwards. For vy? I never trust no one, and—’

“‘And no one trusts you! Well I don’t wonder at that, Moses!’ said Ben, taking him up, ‘but it’s a bargain!’

“We jogged on merrily: all was new to me,

and I enjoyed it amazingly. My stomach was empty, and I felt as sharp set as a young shark after a banyan day, but my spirits rose at every step I took. The world was all before me—or rather Kingston was, and we soon occupied seats in the tap of the before-named house.

“‘Landlord, a-hoy!’ shouted our leader, ‘here, master, serve us out hot grub for three, with smoking taters and something short to swig, and look alive, old blow-hard!’

“We had not long to wait, a savoury dish of fat pork sausages and trotters was placed before us:

“‘That’s your sort, cut away, Moses!’ said Ben, striking his fork into a sausage, and laughing out of his roguish eyes.

“‘No, that is *not* my sort,’ exclaimed the disappointed Jew, whose lanthorn jaws would have made short work with the unclean food; ‘I wished you to have a bargain, but you have sold me *scheap*.’

“‘No, not sheep, Moses, haw! haw!’ said Ben, laughing with his mouth full. But the pedlar was soon made happy by the appearance of a cold scrag of mutton, which he attacked with the desperation of one who was provisioning himself for six months at least. Three steaming rummers of brandy and water completed the repast. You may easily imagine that our appetites were none of the smallest, after the long walk; but we had both finished long before Moses, who turned the bones over and over again, that nothing might escape him. After that, we saw him pocket a piece of bread and a potatoe; and then he spoke:

“‘Dere, my tear, now you pay and you shall have de ring—dat beautiful trinket—and dirt *scheap* at de monish!’

“‘Now then, Commodore—what’s the chalk?’ called out Ben Martin.

“‘Two and one’s three—four-and-six,’ replied the landlord, rubbing his chin.

“ ‘Now then, first of all, please to observe, messmates, I’ve no bluntness about me, whatsoever ; there’s no deception here,’ observed Ben, turning out all his pockets.

“ ‘Well, one of you shall pay,’ said the governor, growing as red as a marine’s jacket, ‘or I send for the constable, that’s all! You gave the orders, so if you’ve no money, hand over that bundle of yours!’ he continued, addressing Mr. Martin.

“ ‘Yes, to be sure ; give the gentlemen your bundle!’ chimed in Moses, looking dismayed, and evidently expecting to be called upon to hand over his mahogany box and contents, or to pay for all. ‘I should not have come here at all, if it had not been for this sailor, who did invite me. S’help me, if a Jew wouldn’t pluck o’both sides of his face to be such a *tam* cheat! I never trusts, no, for vy—’

“ ‘Damme, hold your jaw ; we know all that, you scurvy old tinker! Now, mister landlord, did you ever see me afore? Examine my

figure-head well, it will pass muster!’ said Ben, looking as impudent as an armadillo with his monkey up.

“‘I never seed your ugly mug afore, and as far as I know at present, I never wish to see it again! I must have my money, or—’

“Ben Martin very deliberately took up his hat and stick, and inserting the latter in the crown of the former, he twirled it round and round and raised it to the eyes of the landlord, as we may have seen the conjurors in the streets, spinning a basin on the end of a pole. The effect produced upon him was instantaneous.

“‘Oh, yes,’ said he, ‘all right; I beg pardon—nothing to pay, gemmen,’ and he left the room, laughing.

“Well, this appeared very strange, certainly; Moses was completely bothered by it, but fearing lest there might still be some mistake, he took up his box and was bustling out as fast as he could, when Ben called out to him that he had forgotten the ring. The jew threw

down the piece of trumpery on the table, and disappeared. Ben seemed greatly amused; he shook his sides and roared. We soon followed and came up with the pedlar again. When he saw that it was all right, he seemed to rejoice in our society; the 'blow out,' with the brandy and water, had evidently opened the old fellow's mouth and heart (if he had one). He told us not a bad story or two, and he even went so far as to announce that he would consent to accompany us to Portsmouth, if his tavern-bills were paid upon the same terms.

"Did you ever hear of Prince Hoky-Poky?" said my new friend, drawing himself up and looking fierce, 'for I am that party, in disguise.'

"I won't make my story longer than necessary. Let me see—we reached our port on the evening of the third day, to the best of my recollection. The same scene occurred pretty nearly at all the halting-places, and, to our utter astonishment, the publicans all acknow-

ledged the efficacy of the marvellous hat and stick! So that I really began to ask myself, 'can this be the Prince Hoky-Poky in disguise?'

"Our jew was evidently at his wits' ends, and could not in any way comprehend how the charm was worked. While we were sitting in the tap-room of a little road-side inn, just beyond Godalming, waiting for the meal we had ordered:

" 'Let me have a *shquint* at the articles,' asked Moses.

" 'Well then, one at a time, if you please. They are too valuable to part with both at once, and you never trust no one, you know, Moses,' replied Ben.

"The hat was an ordinary, greasy-looking affair, and the stick was a common knotted thorn.

" 'My *goot* friend,' said the pedlar, 'should you have any *objections* to my trying the dodge?'

“Martin shook his head, and appeared to be considering, with all the importance which the subject demanded.

“‘Only dis once?’ pleaded the Jew.

“‘Well,’ said the other, at length, ‘my name’s easy, this once you may do it!’

“Moses expressed his gratitude; our dinners were now smoking before us. I observed that Martin left the room on some pretext or other for a few minutes, but returned before we had finished our grub. Moses was blown at last, and could not swallow any more—the landlord was summoned.

“‘What’s to pay?’ exclaimed Martin, looking very serious.

“‘Let me see,’ said the landlord, affecting to calculate.

“The hat and stick were immediately handed to Moses, who spun the hat round and round in high style. This act directly caught the publican’s eye.

“‘Nothing at all to pay whatever, gemmen

—hope you've found all to your liking—glad to see you again!"

"So saying, he bowed, and couldn't help laughing, and left the room.

" 'S'help me, but dat is good!" said the Pedlar, and he chuckled to himself as we left the house.

"We were at the top of Portsdown Hill.

" 'The sea! the sea! the ships!' I exclaimed, it was my first view of what I have since learn't to consider my native element. Before us lay the broad bosom of the ocean covered with ships, three deckers and frigates, and crafts of all sizes and descriptions from Spit-head to St. Helens. There was 'The Island' rising up before us. The water seemed studded with life! Outside the walls of Portsmouth the red-coats were drilling, and we could see the smoke, and hear the roar of the great guns as salutes were fired! It was a glorious sight, for a boy to see for the first time.

“ ‘My tear friend,’ spoke Moses, visibly affected, ‘I shall be quite *wexed* to part *wid* you. I have had a very pleasant journey. It breaks my heart to hear you’ve no money. S’help me, as you have behaved like a *shentlemans* to me, I don’t mind giving a few articles of *scplendid* jewelry from my box, for that dirty old hat and stick of yours, *perwided* you part with the good will of it, I mean your secret!’

“ Ben laughed aloud, and said he would not part with those valuables at present, for all his stock of rattletraps!

“ We followed through the covered passages and across draw-bridges, and through all the queer inns-and-outs, for which Portsmouth is remarkable, and then our conductor stopped in front of ‘The Union Jack,’ one of the lowest tippling-houses in Portsea!

“ ‘Here we’ll drink success to one another for the last time afore we part,’ said he, as we entered.

“The grog was ordered and despatched, the hat was spun as usual, the signal recognised, and we were free to depart.

“‘Now, Mr. Moses,’ said Ben, ‘I’m soon going afloat, and as I shall be found a new hat by his Majesty, and a walking-stick on board a frigate is about as much use as a pair of top-boots to a sea-gull, if so be you’ve got money enough, d——me if I’d mind parting with this ere valuable sky-scraper and yard o’ timber, and you shall have the whole secret into the bargain!’

“The pedlar shrugged his shoulders, and looked as indifferent as possible, but said he wouldn’t mind giving five shillings for the lot.

“‘Five shillings!’ roared the indignant proprietor of the wonderful hat and stick; ‘if you come any o’ that sort o’ gammon, old Nosey, I’d advise you to sheer off on another tack. If you’d said five pounds, you’d have been nearer the mark!’

“Moses looked frightened, and swore he was a very poor man, and s’help him, he’d only ten shillings in the world. After an hour’s haggling, the purchase was agreed upon, for two sovereigns and a handful of brummagem chains, copper seals, and jim-crack pins. The Jew was to order supper in a couple of hours, and Martin undertook by that time to deliver up the properties.

“‘And now, youngster,’ said he, ‘I’ll give you a cruise till supper-time.

“I followed quickly after him, we went out on the Hard, he pushed his way into a receiving-house, where large bills were stuck-up at the windows inviting volunteers to enter themselves for ‘The Magnificent.’ He was immediately accepted, and ordered to appear on board the first thing in the morning. Then he took me to a slop-sellers, where I swapped my own clothing from my beaver to my shoes, for a coarser and more serviceable suit, and received half-a-guinea besides.

“‘That will take you home again,’ said my kind friend, ‘if so be you’re tired of cruising. If you were my youngster I should bid you go to sea, but as long as you bide here, keep your shiners close in store, your weather eye open, your lea leg out, and get to wind’ard of crimps and land-sharks, and even of such fools as old Moses!’

“We returned in good time to the ‘Union Jack,’ in company with a ship-mate, whom Martin invited to share the pedlar’s supper. Moses had also added another Jew to the party, an article which is by no means scarce in those parts. Kidney pudding, boiled beef, pickled salmon and periwinkles were laid out on the table. Moses had given an extensive order on the strength of the no-pay system! We all ate as much as we possibly could, but how the men-o’-war’s-man did drink! Martin had hitherto been remarkably shy of his liquors, but now he seemed making up for lost time. A bowl of punch was ordered, and another! It was growing late.

“ ‘Now to *bishness*, my goot friend, here’s two gold *shovereigns*, and here’s the *schplendid* jewelry. S’help me, I’ve made a bad bargain!’ said Moses holding out his hands; ‘I never trust no one—you put down your *goots*—I put down mine.’

“ It was done as proposed, Ben pocketed the cash and frippery, and the other took possession of the hat and stick.

“ ‘And now for to settle the *tear* landlord’s hash!’ said the Jew, eagerly stretching out his hand to pull the bell-rope, which hung from the ceiling over the middle of the table.

“ ‘Mister landlord, how *mush* to pay?’ enquired he, giving a knowing wink at his brother Jew.

“ ‘Here’s the bill,’ replied the landlord, with a grin on his face, producing a long strip of paper. Moses took it and read :

“ ‘Suppers—ale—beer—punch—brandies punch—baccy and pipes,—one pound two.’

“ ‘Dirt *sheep*!’ continued Moses, who now

placed the hat in position, and whirled it round and round with all his might. ‘What’s to pay now, mister landlord?’ said he stopping for breath, and looking up proudly in his face.

“‘What’s to pay now?’ repeated the proprietor of the ‘Union Jack,’ why one pound two, to be sure!’

“‘Don’t you see that, you fool?’ replied Moses sharply, applying himself again to his task with increased energy, ‘I’ve bought the trick!’

“‘Ah! two can play at that, can’t they?’ replied the landlord coolly, ‘you’d better pay.’

“‘I have paid *dat shentlemans* dere!

“We looked round, but there was no ‘shentlemans dere.’ Ben and his gallant friend had disappeared!

“The rogue of a landlord soon put us up to the right bearings of the case. Ben Martin, who was an old pal of his, told him when he landed, having just been paid off, and his

pockets were lined with rhino, that as he got so soon cleared out when he cruised on shore, he intended on his way up to London, to leave enough at the different houses-of-call on the road, as would supply him and two friends with a good meal on his return ; and that there might be no mistake about the person, his old hat spun round on his stick was to be the private signal. When poor Moses was allowed to do the trick, of course it was with an understanding with the landlord. Sailors, as you know, generally frequent the same houses, and it is the interest of the publicans to keep on good terms with them.

“ The unfortunate pedlar was perfectly chop-fallen, he stared a-ghast for some time—I never saw such a sudden change of countenance in my life! He turned deadly pale with rage—he clenched his fists, and his little grey-eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

“ ‘ *Vot a tam* rascal !’ he at last broke out ;
‘ *vot a tam shwindler !* I send the constables

after him ! s'help me, if a Jew would'nt *plush* o' both sides of his body and face, before he'd be *sich a tam tief* ! To cheat a poor Jew in *dis* way ! Farder Abraham ! I *vish* I had given him both bad *shovereigns*, instead of only one !'

CHAPTER X.

“NEXT morning, I turned out early on Common Hard, and enquired for H.M.S. Magnificent.

“ ‘ You didn’t expect to see her sticking in the mud here, did you, spoony? You be too late for her, she sailed from Spithead at daylight this morning,’ replied a facetious ferryman.

“ So there I was, adrift, without a soul I knew, barring old Mordecai Moses, and I felt

that I had better keep clear of him. But what did I care? I felt that thorough independence, which is the real charm of liberty, I was a gentleman all over; that is, I had money in my pouch, and could do as I liked. All the world was still before me, but as some of the world might be *after* me, it was necessary to form some sort of plan as to where I should go and what I should do.

“I turned over Ben Martin’s last words to me, all the while I was staring into the gaudy shops in Portsea.

“‘Well,’ thought I, ‘after what I have seen of mister Ben, it is perhaps no loss for me, that I am not his son, although I might go further and fare worse; but I don’t know that I could do better than go to sea.’ But then arose the question, how was I to get there?

“I sat on a bench and amused myself by watching the boats’-crews land. There was a ship just paid off, and the men were coming ashore in shoals—fine, sun-burnt, jolly-looking

dogs—and all the smart petticoats were waiting to receive them with open arms. There was such a row—such hulloaing and cheering; and then away they went, some with one soft partner under the arm, some with two. Occasionally, there was a fight among the ladies, as some favorite stepped aground, and contending parties claimed to be his true-love; then they fell to a pulley-hauley of bonnets and caps, and to scratching one another's sweet mugs; and in the end, the strongest carried off her fancy-man in triumph. One jolly tar, on landing, was saluted with a couple of fists in his glims, from some sweet creature he had deceived or otherwise ill-used before starting, and the fair one had been bottling up all this long time, to pay off old scores. One woman presented a brace of twin-boys to a big fellow as he jumped out of the boat.

“‘Here, Bill,’ says she, ‘be two brats for ye—fine uns too—all your own; and now, you come and pay for ’em!’

* “I laughed very much at all this, thought it fine fun, and it drove all my plans out of my head. Then a salute was fired, as some swells of the Admiralty hove in sight; the old Victory was dressed out in her colors—and a guard of red-coats passed by, all figged out in their best. I thought to myself, no place ever could be so enchanting as Portsmouth!

“The smoke from the guns cleared away—the idlers were dispersing, and the pot-houses resounded with laughter and squeaking fiddles. An old fisherman went along in his high boots and tarpaulin coat, and with a red cap stuck on his mast-head; in his hand he carried a large basket, and his nets were cast over his shoulders. A lad followed him—one about my own age; he bore an oar poised on his shoulder, and was trailing another behind him. As he came opposite to where I sat, the oar slipped out of his hand, I jumped up, raised it from the ground and offered to carry it down to the

boat, alongside of which the old man was now standing.

“‘Going fishing?’ said I to the young one.

“‘Yes,’ replied he.

“‘I suppose I can’t be of any use,’ said I; ‘but I should like to have a sail, and to go out fishing with you.’

“‘No, I don’t suppose you would be of any manner of use, young shaver,’ replied the old man, taking up the conversation; ‘but if you want to go, what will you give?’

“‘Nothing,’ I answered, as I turned on my heel.

“‘Nothing! We shall grow fat on that! Well, jump in. You can make yourself useful, in course,’ observed the old man, as we sat together, while the youngster was pulling us out of harbour, ‘otherwise, you would not expect me to take you out and bring you back for nothing.’

“ ‘I’ll do what I can,’ I answered; ‘but I never was in a sea-boat before; if you’ll tell me what to do, I’ll try my best, and shall be glad to learn.’

“ ‘And I am to learn you for nothing, eh? I’ll take you out to sea; but whether I brings you back again is another thing—pull away, Jim.’

“I only shook my head, and laughed defiance at that.

“ ‘Now that will do, Jim, lay your oars in, and take for’ard the gib. Here, young master, bear a hand to step the mast.’

“I was as clumsy as a spermaceti whale with a dressing-case; but I showed a willingness, which the old fisherman did not spare. We had now got out to sea, and were scudding before a sou-wester amongst the men-o’-war at Spithead. My heart bounded as the little craft crested the waves, and the foam splashed at her bows. We brought up opposite Saint

Helens, the mast was then struck, and a big stone fastened to a rope, was lowered to the bottom, and did duty as anchor.

“Then we let down lines and hooks, baited with shrimps and small fry; while these were in the water, young Jim dived into a sort of fore-peak, and produced a lump of bread, and a tin canister seemingly full of grease. He then proceeded with his knife to lay some of the soft stuff on the bread.

“‘Have a bit?’ said he.

“‘Stop a while!’ said the old file, who was watching us, ‘what do you give? I can’t afford to feed you for nothing.’

“‘I don’t mind giving you a trifle for some bread,’ I replied, for I felt the sharp pangs of hunger. I produced a sixpence from my little store.

“‘’Tisn’t much,’ replied old gripe-all, ‘but it will do for the present;’ and he clutched the silver from my hand, and broke me off a piece of bread. The canister contained a mixture

of rancid butter and boiled fish ; but I was not over nice that morning, and thought it a relish. We staid out some hours and caught a decent show of whittings ; then we up with the mast, and made sail home.

“ ‘ What shall I do ? ’ I enquired. ‘ Heave up the stone, if you’re man enough ! ’ said the fisherman.

“ I tugged away with all my strength, and was just shipping it, when the boat heeled over a little with the weight, and over we both went stone and I, splash to the bottom ! I had best chance, and rose to the surface. A boat-hook caught hold of my clothes and sustained me.

“ ‘ Now then, what will you give ? ’ exclaimed the old rascal.

“ Oh ! take me out ! ’ I spluttered, with my mouth full of salt water. A horrid idea just came over me that this might be what he hinted at about not bringing me back again ! I was dragged on board, however, dripping and shivering.

“ ‘Never mind,’ observed old Dabbs, such was his name, ‘it’s only a christener for the sea!’

“ As we sailed back, Dabbs questioned me as to who and what I was—where I came from—seeing that I was neither flesh nor fowl, not Portsmouth bred, and yet my rig was genuine Queen Street.

“ I informed him that I was from the country and wanted to go to sea.

“ ‘Lor bless you!’ said he, ‘who’d take you? You aint no good to nobody—unless you pay ’em. You’ve got some money, I ’spose?’

“ ‘A few shillings,’ I replied.

“ ‘A few shillings! ’taint much to be sure,’ said he, ‘if you’ll be a good lad, and will assist me in my business—you will learn something by going out with me—if you be homeless, you shall share Jim’s food and bed! That’s what I calls generosity, you will be a sea-apprentice, and I shan’t charge you a farden for

the articles, but I feels for youth, 'tis my natur! so if agreed, shell out your cash, and I'll make it go as far as I can!"

"I did not choose to part with my money on such short acquaintance, so I at last agreed to board and lodge with him at one shilling a week.

"As soon as we got ashore, Jim and I were sent to sell the whittings. He bawled lustily, 'Fresh whittings, ho!' I wish any of you could have seen me, how you would have stared! I was not quite in voice at first. After a good deal of trouble and bargaining we disposed of the whole lot.

"Old Toby Dabbs was grandfather to Jim of the same name. The boy's father was lost at sea, the mother I never heard of. I soon discovered that my future landlord and master was the most miserly old skin-flint that ever existed! He lived in a most wretched hovel. It stood by itself—which was a wonder, for

every brick appeared loose. The approach was by a filthy pig-sty ; we found the old man anxiously awaiting our arrival.

“ ‘ Well, well, have you sold the fish ? ’ he exclaimed the instant we opened the door. ‘ Good boys ! ’ said he, encouragingly ‘ for selling it all—but couldn’t you make any more ? Are you sure you have given me all ? ’

“ We did our best to satisfy him on that score, and then he gave directions to his grandson to prepare the supper. Jim forthwith took out of a drawer a square rag, and that acted as a table-cloth ; then the bread and canister were duly laid on, old Toby fumbled in his pockets for a key, unlocked the door of a corner cupboard, and brought out a herring which he placed on the table, just as though he was loading it with dainties.

“ ‘ There, ’ said he, ‘ old Granny will eat none, that the youngsters may have the more ! ’

“ I guess my countenance did not look over pleasant at this miserable fare, when I could

have devoured half an ox to my own cheek. The herring was soon divided and swallowed. This was sharing Jim's food with a vengeance ! It reminded me of the advertisements of ' Two apprentices wanted, who will be treated as *one* of the family !'

" ' Now, old 'un, give us something more to eat, I am not going to stay in this den to be starved !' I exclaimed.

" The old man stared at me with astonishment. He threw his lean arms over his head, and rocking about in his chair he groaned out :

" ' There's gratitude—there's gratitude ! oh, you blackened young sinner ! bad luck to your mother—you expect me to do everything for nothing !—aint I hungry ? and aint I starving that you may enjoy yourself ? If you're not satisfied, go and buy more victuals with money, or give me your money and I'll make it go further !'

" I handed over to him another sixpence. He secured it in his fob, and immediately went

to his locker and produced a lump of bacon and a portion of a loaf.

“ ‘There’s a good six-pennorth,’ said the old shark, ‘and nothing to pay for carriage, eat and be-bust !’ ”

“ I offered some to Jim, who was eyeing me, but his grandfather at once put a stopper upon that, saying that if I had any to spare I had better give it to him. Whilst I was eating, Toby kept rocking himself and stroking his legs, mumbling all the time :

“ ‘There’s gratitude—there’s gratitude in a boy !’ ”

“ I ate as long as there was anything on the table, and spun out the time, hoping to annoy the old man. A draught of water from a cracked jug finished the meal. You may suppose that I did not expect to remain long to be lodged and done for by Mister Dabbs, senior ! The boy seemed quite contented and never said a word, but he kept his great goggle eyes

upon me, and seemed a good deal surprised at my doings.

“ ‘Now, Jim, clear the decks—look alive there—fold the cloth and stow it carefully.—Poor old granny must now go and work hard—while you rest,—and pick up a few bits of wood on the beach, that the kettle may sing us a song to-morrow! Ah, hard life—there, rattle up to roost—show young master the way—good night, you young Salamander!’ so saying, grandfather Dabbs passed out, slammed the door and locked it, before I had a word to say!

“ ‘Well, I never!’ was my first expression. ‘Here, you Jim, come down again—you’re not going to bed yet, I’m not! I won’t stand being locked in—I’ve a good mind to break the door open. I’ll pull the old rotten house about your grandfather’s ears, I will—here give us a candle, and can’t you get anything to drink?—send to the nearest public—’

“ ‘What through the key-hole, I suppose?’

replied Jim, who now found his voice, and had descended the steps of the old cock-loft ladder. ‘As for candle, lor love ye, we never see sich a article as candle-grease in this here abode—it would be quite a curoosity; besides if granny was to catch us, would’nt he whop us, I believe yer?’

“ ‘Whop us?—whop us did you say?’ I exclaimed, lowering my ear as though I had not heard aright, ‘I should like to see him try that game on! I’m his lodger, not his slave! I shall sit here all night if I choose!’

“ ‘Please yourself, I’d rather turn in, we shall be stirring afore it is light,’ said Jim.

“ ‘Now, young fellow,’ I began somewhat more coaxingly, ‘sit round and be cozy; first fetch the brown jug and fill it with water that we may have something to drink.’

“ ‘Granny never allows the use of it, except at meals.’

“ ‘Your Granny is a thundering screw, and I expect that you are not much better! Bring it!’

“ The boy obeyed under the promise that if these misdeeds were detected, I should not peach upon him ; but take the blame on myself. I prevailed upon him to come and sit by me for a little while, I even worked upon his feelings to that extent that he hunted out an old piece of wood, which he laid on with a desperate air, as though he had now been and done it. He blew it up with his mouth to a blaze, so we at length had lights, although not *wicked* ones. Jim seemed enjoying himself, he evidently considered this as the grand lark of his life, but once or twice he made a bolt to the ladder, at the sound of approaching footsteps.

“ He was not a bad-hearted chap, but a stupid, sottish sort of fellow, with no more spirit than a lump of clay ! Ill usage from babyhood may have made him so. He was mortally afraid of his grandfather, and beyond obeying him, poor Jim hadn’t an idea. He told me his Granny was very poor, and went out every night to gather any wood that might be thrown

up by the sea, and that he felt very thankful to him for doing it, as otherwise he might have to go himself, and the old man staid out so late, that he was obliged to lock the door before he went.

“It struck me that it was queer that the old man should be rummaging for wood in the dark—besides, he could not be so hard put to it, as to be forced to stay out all night picking up sticks! Jim soon got snoozy, and toddled off, and as my eye-lids were growing heavy, I made no further objections, but followed up the crazy pair of steps. I had not yet been introduced to my sleeping-room, and it was luckily so dark that I could not behold the discomforts of that wretched loft. Jim soon nestled amidst the straw, and I had to grope about, and to take my place by his side. Young blood will stand anything! so saying, that beggars mustn't be choosers, and that I was seeing the world—however much in the dark—and must learn to rough it, I soon fell asleep.

“I know not how long I had lain, when I was awoke by sounds below—I might have dreamt it—but I thought some one was singing, then a lock seemed turned close to my head. It was doubtless the old fisherman come home from his nightly toil.

“Misery makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows, they say, and so I might have said when I was roused before day-light by a kick from my companion, and up he jumped, shaking the litter from himself like a poodle after a ducking. We descended, and found Toby snoring dreadfully. The boy shook him, and after a good stare, he got up. We proceeded to the back yard to procure the gear for the day’s work. Oars and spars, baskets and nets.

“The morning air was fresh and soft—the sun had not yet appeared, but there was that bright glare which foretells his coming. There was not a breath stirring—I enjoyed that morning scene—the Hurd was bare of every-

thing living, except an occasional cat and a sleepy watchman—and the only sound was the sentry's challenge in the Dock-yard. The old Victory loomed like a Giant amongst the pigmy craft, the uncertain light giving her twice her height!

“ We threaded our way down the harbour, a few boats were already on their course, spreading their red-ochre canvass before us. Our fishing ground was farther off to-day, at the back of ‘The Island;’ there we rigged a trawl, and having lowered it, left it to its fate as the breeze carried us gently along. Then I off with my clothes—and the veteran Toby having offered to show me how to strike out—I fastened a line round my waist, and was dropped upon the bosom of the Ocean. Jim and he laughed at my flounderings as they looked over the side, nor would the old thief haul me in again, till I had promised to give him something for his trouble!

“ Well, I must make sail—I have not much more to say on this subject. Sometimes we went out early—sometimes we staid out all night—and sometimes we caught nothing—sometimes we stretched away to the westward, and brought fish from the smacks coming up Channel. Occasionally Jim and I were sent out alone, and if we caught nothing at sea, we invariably caught something from the old one at home. You may ask, why did I stay? My answer is where could I go? what could I do? I was learning something of a sea-faring life, and I was for ever on the watch for making a fresh start.

“ I learnt a good deal more of Toby Dabbs’ ways, and I found that he was an incorrigible drunkard. Odd enough, he was at once a miser and a spendthrift. His picking up wood at night was all my eye—a Tom Titler tale to gull the innocent—he was tippling gin at his favorite pot-house all the while.

“ Young Jim and I were, of course, thrown much together, and the boy took wonderfully to me. I opened his eyes, by waking him up at nights, and showing to him that his granny wasn't such a saint, after all. I made him listen to what jolly staves his poor grandad could pipe, and I bid him ask the old reprobate if he sometimes picked up spirits in the wood. Jim caught a rope's-ending for his impertinence, so I put him up to say that the next time he received that treat would be the last time he entered that house.

“ The old man was amazed at the boldness of his grandson, and declared that I was a bad boy, not worth my salt, and had bred a mutiny in his ship, and had made his Jim as bad as myself; that the sooner I went the better, but that his grandson should never leave him.

“ I coolly replied, that I had paid my shilling in advance, for my week's keep, and I should not stir till my time was out. He tried to starve us into order, and took away the herring;

but we found means to help ourselves. I mentioned before, that when I was roosting in the loft, a key seemed turned close to my ear. I discovered one night, by the light that gleamed through the chinks of the flooring, that a thin plank under me made the top of Toby Dabbs' corner-cupboard. So I took my knife and cut out a square piece, inserted my arm through the aperture, and brought up some pork, then some bread, dived again, and produced a stone jar of gin !

“ Jim thought this fine fun—his eyes glistened at the sight of the victuals ; he could not resist, although he was in such a deuce of a funk lest his granny should discover the theft. After we had regaled ourselves, I handed down the remains, and replaced the piece of flooring, just as if nothing had happened.

“ When the old boy returned, the closet-door was almost immediately opened, and I heard him swearing lustily and long. He said nothing to us about it, however, next day, but

he was evidently bothered. If he had charged us with the robbery, I had an answer ready for him—if he came home drunk every night, how could he tell, next morning, how much he might have eaten or drunk overnight?

“Our foraging operations went on for three or four nights, with equal success. One evening, I had removed the top—down went my arm, and I laid hold of the stone jug—but I could not raise it, it seemed glued to the spot.

“‘Here, Jim,’ said I, ‘bear a hand with the jar.’

“He immediately dropped his hand down through the aperture, but we could not lift it—when all at once, we felt our arms hauled taut together. A candle flashed below, and there was old Toby, looking up his cupboard! A rope-noose had been rove round our wrists, and there were we caught in a trap, and couldn’t stir!

“‘Holloa, my hearties, I’ve cotched you at

last! How like a blessed pair of thieves you look! Stay there till morning, you warmints, and I wish you good night, and a pleasant time of it!"

"So saying, he took the rope and gave it a turn or two round the bars of the grate, and made it fast there, and then he went and threw himself on his bed, muttering curses against us little cherubs above!

"Mighty easy situation for us! Our arms were fastened down at their full stretch, and the rope, or rather the line cut through our skin. Jim began to blubber, what with pain and fright. I soon put a stop to that music, and assured him I would release him as soon as the old Ogre should be asleep. I must tell you that my left arm was still at liberty; both of Jim's were nabbed, but fortunately only one of mine happened to be foraging at the time. So as soon as master Dabbs was asleep, I fumbled about for my knife, and having found it, I set my left hand at work to saw the rope asunder,

which it did in time, and then we were relieved from this painful position.

“ ‘Now lie still, Jim, till it’s light,’ said I, ‘and then I intend to board that fine Indiaman we passed yesterday, at anchor at the Mother-bank, and offer myself to the captain ; and you had better do the same, and leave that old skin-flint of a grandfather, who will only starve your life out.’

“ I was so hot on the prospect of going on board the Indiaman, that sleep was out of the question. So we stole down as quietly as the old tottering stairs would allow,—as we were midway an oath was shot out by the sleeper below—but it was only in his dream. Jim, however, nearly ruined us, by attempting to rush back. Now we were landed, but the hardest part remained behind (I believe it is generally the reverse!) The door-key was in old Dabb’s pocket, for he always slept in his clothes! I fished it out at last, the rusty latch grated in the lock as it flew back, and the old fisher-

man started up in his bed. Before he was conscious, we had passed the threshold, pulled out the key, and locked the door on the outside ! Then we ran to the harbour, jumped into the boat, hoisted the mast, and made all sail for the Motherbank !

“ There was the ‘ Góggoshee-Boppagee ’ with her Blue Peter flying at her mast-head. We could just hear the stamp-and-go of her ship’s company as her anchor was being weighed. We were at the nick of time. Our boat bounded and danced at the top of the waves, as she scudded along with a breeze right aft. The anchor was just to the bows, as we luffed up under the lea-quarter of the ship, and fetched the gangway. We were observed running for her from the deck, and preparations were made to speak with us. Jim’s heart failed him at the last moment ; I was standing up urging him to come on board with me, and to cast the old boat adrift, when a sailor-lad sprang

down the side, and asked what we wanted—whether we had despatches for the ship?

“‘I must come on board!’ I called out, so wishing poor Jim good-bye, I presented him with the remains of my fortune, laid hold of the ropes, and followed the messenger up the side.

“‘There was such a confusion on deck! I had never been on board so large a vessel before, and I was completely taken aback as I looked down the length of her decks. The Captain was busy on the poop, the chief officer was bawling out his orders, the crew were swarming up the rigging; in addition, there was all the music of a farm-yard—cows lowing, sheep bleating and pigs grunting, it was a bewildering scene to me! The chief officer seized a moment of leisure and beckoned me impatiently to him.

“‘Well, my lad, look alive, what is it?’

“‘Please, sir,’ said I, taking off my ‘sou-

wester' and twirling it round on my fingers, 'do you want a boy?'

" 'Do I want a boy? What do you mean?'

" 'What is his business?' said the Captain, who had come down to learn the news.

" 'I should like to serve on board this ship, sir, and I heard that you were still short of hands,' said I addressing him.

" 'You heard that we were short of hands, did you?' replied the Captain, 'and much good you would do us! Away with you, you young scamp, over the side, quicker than you came up, otherwise it will be worse for you! Come, bolt, you impudent jackanapes—some young rascal escaped from justice, I dare say!'

" I looked over the quarter, but Jim and the boat were far away—they hulloed and shouted, but he was out of reach of voice.

" 'What's to be done now?' enquired the Chief Officer.

" 'Throw him overboard!' said the Captain.

" 'Serve him right!' shouted several voices.

“ ‘ If you please, sir,’ spoke a fat man, whom I found was the Steward, ‘ I could make him useful, if you would permit him to assist me, he looks more fitted for my line, apparently being a genteel sort of youth. With so many passengers we really require an extra hand. Can you wait at table?’

“ ‘ Yes, sir!—that is I’ll try —’

“ ‘ Take him! said the Captain, ‘and if he don’t suit, pitch him to the sharks. He’s a hard bargain, or I am a Dutchman!’

“ The Captain continued his orders, and I followed my new chief below. I was now fairly afloat; I was entered on the ship’s books as James Dabbs, in an honorable, if not a lucrative situation—a sort of marine boots to an Indiaman!

CHAPTER XI.

“WOODS, that was the steward’s name, set me at work immediately in wiping glasses, and placing them in order in his pantry. Next I had the knives and forks to clean, and the boots to black. My hands were kept full till breakfast time, when the hot coffee and soft bread was a treat to me after my late hard fare. After that I was sent to hunt for passengers’ luggage. The deck was strewn with boxes and portmanteaus, which were being lowered

to the hold. I took this opportunity of looking round the ship, and I was amazed at all I saw. What a busy, motley crowd there was, and the bustle of her 'tween decks was wonderful! Here were women and children squalling and getting in everybody's way—there a strong muster of red-coats going out to join their regiments—here the carpenters at work—however, it is no use my describing these scenes to you; but we know that there is plenty in a big ship to make a landsman, seeing it for the first time, stretch his eye-ports into next week!

“I was ordered to clean myself for waiting at dinner in the cuddy, so I washed my hands and face, and the steward lent me a colored jacket, that my first public appearance might be as imposing as possible, and do credit to his arrangements.

“‘My eyes!’ said I to myself, ‘if any of our people at home could see me now, what a swell they would think me.’

“I felt more shy of encountering the quality in the cuddy, than of any of the rough characters I had fallen in with lately. A flip from my master’s cloth on that part of my back which was unprotected by coat-tails recalled me to my duty.

“‘Now, boy—don’t go to sleep—hand that soup!’

“So I did, and threw it over the neck and shoulders of an old lady with a turban, who sat on the right of the captain! She jumped up, and cried out that she was scalded, and her dress spoilt. The steward blew me up sky-high—the captain said nothing, but he gave me a look—there was a rope’s end in his eye, and I shrunk away from it.

“‘Never mind this once,’ said a good-natured old gentleman at the other end of the table, ‘he’ll do better next time;’ and so I did.

“The cook, (bad luck to him), entrusted a

saddle of mutton to my hands to carry aft. I tried my utmost to keep myself steady, and opened my mouth wide that I might not spill the gravy; I succeeded admirably until I reached the door of the cuddy—when my legs failed me! away ran the cover under the dinner-table—the meat fell to the ground—and I made my entry amidst the astounded company, seated astride on the mutton!

“‘D——m the boy!’ shouted almost everyone.

“‘Pick up the pieces!’ cried the rest.

“‘Kick him out, and don’t let him appear again!’ exclaimed the captain.

“Then some of them burst out laughing at my piteous up-turned face, as I lay sprawling!

“‘It was a saddle,’ observed one, ‘and I dare say the poor boy wanted a ride, he only required a *bit in his mouth* to make it complete!’

“I suffered a good deal of rough treatment

at first; I was a hard bargain, I own, and I believe they would gladly have pitched me over-board, if they dared, or landed me anywhere, if they could. But I gradually got my sea-legs, and grew handier at my trade, so I was allowed to appear occasionally again among the ladies and gentlemen. We had been running before a favorable wind, and we found ourselves 'all in the Bay of Biscayo' almost before we expected it.

"There we encountered some severe weather as usual, and we pitched and we tossed like anything!

The timbers groaned and cracked like basket-work squeezed up together, and the women and children were in full cry all the time, *squally* weather indeed! It was a grand sight to see our ship with her bowsprit pointed down, plunging into the trough of the sea, and then with a bound, rising up on end to the sky!

"In crossing the line, we had the usual frolic on board, and the greenhorns who were making

their first voyage were comfortably handled by Neptune and his attendants. I, of course, was one of the victims of the easy-shaving system. It was, perhaps, partly owing to this process that I felt myself *a tar* all over, so I made bold to address the skipper one day, and begged that he would allow me to do duty forward. I was sick of the knife and shoe work, and the waiting of the cabin; I wished to be a seaman, and not a steward's scullion.

"The skipper looked surprised at my impudence, but said he would see about it. He spoke to the mate, and soon I had the satisfaction of being ordered to do duty with the boys on the poop. In fact, I believe they were very glad to dispense with my services in the cuddy, and I felt quite relieved by being out of hail of Jimmy Woods.

"It was a queer life in this new berth of mine—a hard one, but a merry one withal. My rugged messmates treated me well enough, for I was not a boy to be bullied, and I always

put the best face on everything. Every night, wind and weather permitting, we had a fiddle and dance, and soon I could foot it 'tween decks with the best of them. I was taught to knot and to splice, and to handle a marlin-spike. It was dizzy work, first going up aloft, but I got the better of that, and took a pleasure in it, and I heard the boatswain say that I could lay out on the yards, or haul out a weather earin' as smart as any chap.

“None of the cabin passengers ever noticed me after my change of position (and their former attentions were not, *deservedly*, very favorable) except the good-natured old gentleman whom I mentioned before. He always spoke to me very kindly, whenever he saw me. He asked me if I were fond of reading, and lent me books, in which his name was written—‘*Richard Brown*.’ That was my godfather’s name—this might be he, for all I knew. He used to question me a good deal; he saw I was not brought up to the sea. It was no use my

opening his eyes, whoever he might be, so I told him I came from Portsmouth, stuck to the alias, and kept my history to myself.

“We dropped him at Madras. At parting, he put five sovereigns into my hand, and bade me be a good lad. That’s all I know of him, and I don’t suppose that I shall ever fall in with him again.

“After that, we continued our way to China.

“I remained two years in the ‘Goggoshee Boppagee,’ trading between India and China, and after that, we sailed, with a promiscuous cargo, for some of the islands of the eastern Archipelago.

“One morning, when only a slight breeze enabled us to keep the ship’s head the right way, and it soon after falling calm, the captain determined to send a party ashore on the small island of Lette, which lies to the eastward of Timor (and from which we were then lying off about a league) as he knew good water was

easily procured there. The cutter was hauled out, under charge of the boatswain's-mate; four seamen and myself formed the crew. Our work was almost finished, indeed, we were bringing our last cask to the beach, when the booming of a gun came over the water to us.

“ ‘Hulloa! what’s in the wind now?’ we exclaimed, as we raised our eyes and perceived that the atmosphere had become murky and close, all at once, and there was a low, hollow sound of a wind rising.

“ Our skipper evidently anticipated the arrival of a hurricane—one of those infernal Tornados that give one so little notice in these climes. The gun, doubtless, was a signal for us to come aboard without delay.

“ We made all haste to stow the casks in the cutter, but before we could get her afloat, the surge came hissing up the beach. Not a moment was to be lost—every instant its fury increased, and it lashed itself into foaming waves.

We were thrice driven back, and the boat thrown on her beam-ends.

“ A question now arose as to whether we had not better remain on shore till the storm had passed. Another gun was fired—and another.

“ ‘ Let’s give her another chance, my lads !’ cried the coxswain.

“ We then started most of the water—seized a moment—launched the boat—jumped in—and at the imminent risk of being swamped, we got her off.

“ But it was all in vain ; it was impossible to keep the boat’s head straight. We were completely at the mercy of the winds and waves, and they banged us about in all directions.

“ The wind howled like ten million demons assailing your ears at once ; in its fury it whirled masses of water up into the air ; enormous waves rose like spectres around, and dashed head-foremost upon us, so that we were rapidly filling.

“ Another gun—we could see the flash distinctly in the supernatural darkness that surrounded us—the gallant bark could wait no longer, she rode so heavily that for her own safety she was obliged to slip her cable and run.

“ It was totally out of our power to get back to land, our only chance was to trust to our boat holding together, and to her weathering the storm, in which case we might be picked up by our ship, for she was sure to return and look for us, as soon as the hurricane had passed.

“ We never saw our good ship again ! We were blown out to sea, we knew not where, we had not a compass on board, but what was more terrible still—with the exception of a *biscuit* in the mate’s pocket, we had not a morsel to eat ! Towards evening the tempest seemed nearly to have exhausted itself, but it was pitch dark, not a star to be seen, and nothing shining but the phosphorous amidst the froth of the waters. By midnight the weather had greatly moder-

ated, and then we had the first opportunity of talking of hunger. We soaked our coxswain's solitary biscuit in water, which we placed in a bowl—which happened to be there for bailing purposes—thinking by these means to make it go further. The only danger we were free from that night, was that of enduring a night-mare after a heavy supper!

“The morning, which we awaited with much painful anxiety, broke with such a heavy, dense mist upon the sea, that the eye could not penetrate it, and the sun was blood-red, and hung up in the sky, as you may have seen it in a London fog. The wind rose as the day advanced, and about noon it increased to a gale.

“We were in continual danger of being swamped, such was the violence of the waves. At evening-tide there was a lull, the elements had apparently had their fill, and we hoped this might be their last *blow-out* for some time to come. When ours was to arrive, it was difficult to foresee, so we relinquished our oars for

the present and took a long pull at the water-cask. We kept up our spirits by hoping that we might fall in with our ship next day, and we sang songs all round, to make amends for better cheer.

“ Next morning the heavens were as clear as a pikestaff, there was not a breath stirring, there was just a swell on the water which had not yet recovered from the late irritation, but as the day wore it subsided into a dead calm. There was not a speck visible high or low, we strained our eyes in all directions, we stepped our mast and set our sail that we might be more conspicuous—we climbed to the top and raked the horizon, but we could not discover anything.

“ The pangs of hunger got hold of us—how sharp they are—I had never felt them before ! We broke up a piece of old wood and soaked it and tried to swallow it ; we cut up a shoe and tried to chew it, but it was hard of digestion. If we had had a French cook on board, no doubt we should have dined well ! Luckily we had

not at present the horrors of thirst to contend with in addition.

“ We found a relief in taking off our wet clothes, which we hung up to dry. The powerful rays of the sun soon completed that operation, and we stood up and rubbed our stiffened limbs with pieces of sail-cloth, for we were all cramped after remaining for so many hours exposed to the wet in the same position.

“ What was to be done now ? The suspense was dreadful ! If we remained still, we might be starved to death,—if we moved away we should not know where we were going, and that diminished the chances of the bark’s falling in with us. The men were getting sulky and unmanageable, and the coxswain ordered them to take to the oars, and we pulled sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another, but we came back to pretty nearly the same place, as far as we could judge, and this was rather to give occupation to our little crew, than for any good that it could do us. A few words of our party.—

There was the coxswain, he was a Scotchman, a short, stout, bullet-headed, thick-necked fellow, by name Magregor. A man of few words, but a cool, determined fellow, and a sailor every inch of him! Then there was Potter, a nasty, mealy-faced, white-liver'd fellow, a man whom all disliked, and I hated; he owed me a grudge or two for little things down in the fore-castle. Next came Phelps, a younger man than the others, sickly and delicate-looking, but a good sort of man enough; then there was Jack Saunders, an old favorite with the ship's company, but a queer customer when once roused. Then last of all—as it is not necessary to give my own character—there was a horrid brute of a Lascar, Jansy we called him, a furious, wild chap, when he had the least drop of liquor on board, at other times a sneaking, sulky devil; such were my companions in the cutter.

“We began to despair of the bark's finding us. From observations of the heavens Magregor imagined that we had drifted to the southward

of Timor. Potter declared that it was no use our remaining there to be starved, and that as the mate had got us into this trouble—by ordering the boat to be launched when they should have remained on shore—that he had better do the best he could to extricate us by steering for land.

“So we were told off in watches, two at a time at the oars, for we were now so weak, that we could only pull for a very short time. Towards evening, our hearts were rejoiced by catching two boobies, they settled on our boat’s-yard, and were easily secured. We tore one in pieces, and ate it voraciously, and thought it delicious. Magregor insisted that the other should be kept till the morrow, but the men were wild with hunger, and demanded that it should be given up to them. Jansy stretched out to seize it, but the mate started up, and detaching the iron tiller from the rudder, declared he would murder the first man that ap-

proached. This threat, and Magregor's determined attitude had its effect.

"That night, as the coxswain was lying asleep at the bottom of the boat, and I lay curled up in the stern-sheets, thinking of my home that I had deserted, I heard a whispered conversation going on between Potter and Jansy, whose watch it was. The sound of my own name arrested my attention—they fancied I was asleep—I took care to give a snore every now and then to assure them of it, and I listened with all my ears.

"It was a proposal to throw me and the coxswain overboard!

"‘What good are they to us?’ said that villain Potter, in a stifled voice. ‘They are so much dead weight. Their death may save the rest. If we are fated to reach land, we can tell our own tales, and set up for ourselves—if we are not, then they ought to be thankful to us for sparing them the misery of dying by inches!’

“ ‘We won’t throw the boy overboard,’ whispered the infernal Lascar, ‘because if it comes to the worst, we can eat him!’ ”

“ Then he went on to ask, how Potter proposed to come over the other two.

“ ‘Oh! they are easily settled, after that we have got rid of old Sandy and the boy, if they are not agreeable!’ ”

“ You may fancy how I sickened at these words! Could any situation be more dreadful than mine? Sleep, of course, after this discovery was out of the question; but I remained still that I might pick up any further intelligence. I took care after this never to take rest at the same time with Magregor, and resolved I would acquaint him with our danger on the first opportunity.

“ In the course of next day, we had the good luck to pick up a turtle, floating on the surface of the water, it was almost putrid; but we were very thankful for it, and it afforded us a good meal.

“ We kept our course, under the mate’s directions as steadily as we could, but as yet there was nothing in our prospects to cheer us. The heat was intense during the day, and our faces and hands were masses of ulcers. To add to our misery, the stock of water began to fail, for no precautions had been taken to allowance ourselves, but every one went and drank as much as he pleased. We had now only about a gallon left, and, for a wonder, we all agreed on this point, that it was necessary to measure it out. We cast lots as to who should be set over it, and Jack Saunders was chosen. The measure was to be one of the men’s baccy boxes to be filled for each once a day, holding about half a wine glass.

“ We had now been out five nights. What a wretched existence it was ! How we survived so long is a wonder to me ! I don’t believe if our messmates on board the Goggoshee-Boppagee had met us, that they would have known us, so altered were we—such miserable, care-

worn creatures you never saw, we had fallen away to half our usual size !

“ There were continual quarrels amongst us, so irritable had we become. No wonder that hunger should make us snappish !

“ To add to my discomfort, poor Phelps, who had been ailing for some time, sank from exhaustion, and died without a groan. This I felt to be another chance against me. I fancied that I detected an air of triumph in Potter and Jansy when the body was cast overboard.

“ That night it was intensely hot. I lay down in great anxiety, and did not close an eye-lid, wearied as I was, because it was the conspirators' watch. I placed myself so that I could watch every motion of theirs. We had had nothing to eat, all day, but a portion of the turtle, and that had caused a burning thirst. Potter soon fell asleep—then I saw the Lascar rise as quietly as possible from his seat—my heart beat wildly. I prepared to start on my

legs in an instant. I would not be eaten, if I could help it! He approached the water-cask and removed the spigot, he filled the bowl and was swallowing draughts of the precious liquid. I gave Saunders, who was lying down ahead of me, such a furious kick that he sprang to his feet and caught the culprit in the act. He dashed the emptied bowl from his hands, and laying hold of his collar, inflicted such a blow as floored the rascal in a trice.

“A scuffle then ensued, in which Jansy drew his knife and stabbed Saunders in the side. The noise awoke the coxswain. Jansy had risen again, and Saunders had seized a stretcher, and holding the Lascar by the throat, was about to beat him on the head. Magregor caught the up-raised arm, and staid the blow. I took this opportunity of mentioning what I had overheard; neither of the conspirators denied it.

“‘And now,’ said Saunders, ‘the rascal

would destroy us all by drinking up the water—and look how he has served me!

“He showed us the blood trickling from his wound. Magregor withdrew his hand, the Lascar was knocked down again, and beat on the head with the stretcher. Oh, it was a fearful, horrible scene! I shudder when I think of it. Jansy's body was cast over the side, and splashed in the water. A few hours had removed two of our comrades!

“We were so weakly, that this excitement left us in a state of complete exhaustion. Jack Saunders was the next victim released from this life of suffering. The heat of the sun operated very prejudicially on his wound; we could not staunch the blood, and he fell asleep to wake no more. It was a pitiable sight, to look down the deserted thwarts so lately occupied!

“Who was to go next? I had no inclination to be left alone with Potter! Another wretched night—returning light of day re-

vealed to us who Death had marked for his early prey! We found Potter stretched out, quivering and shaking in every limb. He cried for water—we applied the bowl to his mouth, but he could not swallow—we squeezed a little into his mouth, and dabbed his parched lips with a wet cloth. He became delirious, and raved and swore dreadfully. So outrageous was he, that our united efforts could not restrain him, and as long as he kept his hands off us, we suffered him to continue his vagaries. Our hearts were hardened by the scenes we had witnessed, and our position made us selfish—aye, and cruel! We hoped that the fit that was upon him might seize him, so as to cast him overboard. At length, in agonies, he died, gasping for water!

“The stout-hearted man and the boy were the sole survivors of that boat’s-crew, and which one was to be left alone? We had looked death in the face, and were not appalled now—we had become callous to life. I

shivered, and yet my blood boiled in my veins ; I was helpless as an infant, and could do nothing but cry. I begged Magregor if he ever returned to England, that he would tell my father and mother, and Adrian, how I regretted them, and that I thought of them to the last—and I laid myself down to die !

“ What powers of endurance that man had ! Hope never deserted him !

“ ‘ Keep up your spirits, my boy,’ said he, as I lay rolling at the bottom and sucking my fingers, having nothing else to put in my mouth. “ Hold on a little longer, for by Heaven, I believe deliverance is at hand. There are masses of sea-weed floating past and I see birds flying in the distance—certain signs of approaching land.’

“ Magregor was a true prophet, and he spied out the land at last. I remember no more, for I became completely insensible. I found myself in bed at the house of the Dutch

Governor at Copang, the capital of the Island of Timor. We received the kindest treatment there, and nothing was left undone to restore us to health and strength. The past seemed to me like a dream, and a very unpleasant one too. How wondrously we had been preserved!

“It was long before we recovered, and some months elapsed before we found a chance of leaving the island. At length, the British brig ‘May-flower,’ of Milford, hove in sight, and the captain at once granted us a free passage. We gratefully took leave of our kind-hearted Dutch friends, and arrived at our destination without further accident.

“The captain and crew—when we reached England—generously subscribed a small sum for our maintenance, for we had not a farthing between us. Here I parted with my friend and companion, who had shared with me so many trying scenes. Like a true Scotchman, his first desire was for his country, and he

took immediate advantage of a ship going nor'ards.

“As for myself, I determined, with a broken spirit, to set out for London on foot, and to seek the house of my father.

CHAPTER XII.

“I had not proceeded far on my way—for I trudged slowly, the sun was pretty strong for these parts, and I was not yet in good trim, and my thoughts were busy at work—when a little dapper man, whom I had observed in the inn-yard, at Milford, caught me up, at the bottom of a hill. He was short and fat, and was not an every-day man. He looked the best tempered man in the world, I should have said at a glance that he was a jolly dog, a fellow who

could sing a stave, tell a story, and like his grog as stiff as a Marine's neckcloth! He had an oily sort of skin, and merry, little, cunning eyes. His whiskers were full, and of a rum-mish cut. He wore a low-crowned, broad-rimmed hat like a Quaker's, a bright green, full coat, with shiny buttons, and a flaring waistcoat. He also had gold shirt-pins, and several rings on his little fat fingers, and gilt chains run athwart his chest. His was what they call ashore rather a splendid get-up!

“He drove a sleek stout cob—as like its master, as man and beast could well be—in a low, heavy, four-wheel chaise. It was one of those sort of vehicles which we meet sometimes along the roads—a cross between a cart and a chaise—driven by smart, commercial gents, carrying patterns to the country shopkeepers. There was room for two in front—or rather one and a half alongside of such a stout-built chap as this—all the rest was hind-boot or box, or stowage, as we should term it.

“ ‘Young man, or juvenile,’ said the round gentleman, as he shortened sail, and hove-to abreast of me, looking as serious as a parson afore meals, and yet all the while there was a laugh in the corner of his eyes; ‘presuming on the disparity of years—as Socrates observed to the *pons asinorum*—may I make bold to ask the favor of your releasing my hindmost wheel from the skin or pan, or, as it is vulgarly denominated the drag?’

“ ‘By all manner of means,’ I replied, quickly laying hold of the chain.

“ ‘Thank you kindly! Allow me to ask another question, and that is, if you do not find it hot work toiling along the road, under the sweltering sun, as the poets have it?’

“ ‘Certainly, very hot!’ I replied, taking off my hat, and mopping my forehead.

“ ‘And have you not, sir, universally found it to be one of the laws of Nature—which, like the Medes and Prussians, never say die—that

there is more heat and dust on a hot and dry day—than at other times?”

“‘I shouldn’t wonder,’ said I; and I felt my nose itching for my thumb and fingers to be stretched out from it.

“‘If you prefer ease and comfort to toil and labour, and riding consequently to walking,’ he continued, ‘and if our roads lie in the same direction, jump up and occupy the seat beside me, for as Archimedes has beautifully defined it, ‘Two parallel lines being carried on to the same point, must meet in the end!’

“‘I required no pressing, but hoisted myself in a jiffy to the space pointed out, feeling sadly puzzled as to what sort of craft I was in company with.

“‘Young man!’ he began again, after a bit, carrying on the same press of canvass as before, ‘pray whom do you, in your humble capacity, consider the greatest man of the age?’

“‘The greatest man of the age?’ I repeated,

thinking to myself what the jingo can Fatty be at,—‘Why,’ said I, ‘they say the Duke of Wellington is the greatest captain of the age, but I don’t believe a word of it. Storkings of the ‘Goggoshee-Boppagee,’ a ship that I sailed in—would beat him all to fits! I never saw such a man as Storkings; be blowed if that man hadn’t an eye like a gimlet.’

“Silence, noisy babbler! hout awa, mon, as they say in the Hebrides; well, after him?

“‘After Storkings and the Duke of Wellington? That’s a puzzler!’ said I. ‘Well, I suppose Jones, the Welsh giant, is the greatest man living, for he measures seven feet.’

“‘Bah!’ he exclaimed, a little impatiently; ‘where have you been that you never heard of Doctor Demannaduke Washington?’

“‘At sea, sir,’ said I.

“‘Had you not been at sea, you would have known that Doctor Demannaduke Washington is the greatest man of the age—and I am he!’ said he, proudly, striking his chest.

“‘Indeed!’ said I, touching my hat respectfully, determined to humour the stout gentleman, and not having yet decided in my own mind whether he was most madman or fool. ‘Pray pardon my ignorance, great doctor, and tell me what benefits you have conferred on mankind?’

(“I must here overhaul my log pretty closely, for the learned man’s jaw-cracking words are plaguy hard to remember.)

“‘I am the celebrated Professor of Phrenology, Physiology, Catalepsy, and the hitherto occult science of Mesmerism! which not to know argues yourself—an ignoramus! I can read men’s characters by the bumps on their heads, or the features of the face, or I can extort them whilst they are asleep, as easily as if written in a book! I come, ladies and gentlemen,’ continued he, becoming excited, and forgetting the extent of his audience, ‘from the far West, from America, the land of Liberty,

whose glorious flag of stars and stripes waves over thousands of free and enlightened citizens and millions yet unborn ! In that free country—untrammelled by the prejudices which clog the cog-wheels of European civilization—bloodless as my triumphs were—I was esteemed one of the greatest of heroes ! In the famed city of New York, no trial took place without my presence ; I occupied a seat on the right hand of the judge ; I critically examined the faces and pericraniums of prisoners, and witnesses, and jurors. I was able in a moment privately to inform the judge, that So-and-so was telling a tarnation lie ! It was a new era, sir, in criminal jurisprudence. In one important trial—in which I felt interested—I magnetised the only dissentient jurymen. I threw him into a profound state of somnolency, from which he may not, perchance, have yet awoke, for I left that hemisphere for other and new fields of usefulness !

“You would have thought by the doctor’s manner that he was speechifying at a great public meeting. He stopped and looked at me out of the corner of his droll little eyes, wiped his face, and seemed to be stopping for applause. I lifted my hat respectfully, and asked if he would favor me by feeling some of my bumps, that I had some very peculiar ones, and I was curious to hear what so great a man thought of them.

“‘Willingly, my young friend. Ah! you have a fine development here,’ said he, proceeding to explore, and placing his finger and thumb on a swelling produced by my poor figure-head coming in collision with the jib-boom in a stiff breeze on board the ‘May-flower.’

“‘Yes,’ I observed, ‘pleased to touch it gently, Doctor.’

“‘Ah! you are sensitive, I see.’

“‘On that point certainly,’ I replied.

“‘I saw it at once, sir, a sensitive disposition—and this bump is in animals the root of

the horns, called by the Greeks chronon-hoton-thologus!

“ ‘ You are sure it is not *propria quæ maribus*, Doctor?’ said I, looking up and smiling, for I was not so forgetful of my little school-learning as to be bamboozled by his Greek.

“ He looked at me hard for a minute, I was not quite sure that he was not going to try to knock me down, then his little peepers closed and his mouth opened wide, and his fat sides shook with laughing.

“ ‘ The fact is,’ said he as soon as he could find his voice, ‘ the fact is, I believe we are both humbugs together.’ He took out a pocket-handkerchief, wiped his eyes, and proceeded, dropping altogether the trumpet-voice in which he had been dealing.—‘ I saw you in the inn-yard at Milford, and the landlord told some of us, who were by, that you were a poor devil of a cast-away sailor, in order to excite our charity. I gave nothing—but I said (like Balaam’s ass speaking to his master, eh?) I can do more for

that party than any one,—and so I can and will if you've a mind! I have long been on the look-out for a likely youth, such as you appear to be, and if you will join me, I will promise you light work and large profits; in short there is no reason why you should not shortly be enabled to drive your own four-wheel, as I do.'

"'In what capacity do you propose that I should be?' I asked.

"'Perfectly your own master, to stay or go as you please, all I require is, that whilst we are in partnership, you will assist my views and promise not to betray me.'

"'All fair and above board, eh?' said I.

"'There is nothing that you can object to,' he replied, at 'all events, you can always leave me whenever you please.'

"'Tell me all, and trust to my honor!' said I.

"He told me my manner inspired confidence, and that he would impart that to me which one in a thousand should not hear. He informed

me that he was no more a Yankee than I was ; that he was the son of a respectable, square-toe'd Quaker at Reading, who kept a small shop in what I believe is considered a genteel business, namely, the chandlery and fat line, but he had a soul above grease, and having attended a lecture on phrenology and mesmerism at the Literary Institution, he had determined to start on his own account. His stock-in-trade consisted of a few pamphlets, some plaster casts, a brace of skulls and some medicine bottles. He journeyed about from place to place, carrying on a good trade in the shape of a scientific lecturer.

“ ‘ You’ve heard of the golden age, my young friend ? ’ said he, ‘ well, that’s past, and this is the age of brass or impudence. Humbug I call it, and your only great man is he who can humbug best !—Why, the Duke of Wellington, whom you mentioned just now, didn’t he outmanœuvre Old Boney ? and what do you call that ?—Don’t the King’s ministers humbug ?

I believe you!—Don't doctors humbug? rather!—Lawyers? by no means!—Parsons, occasionally? Depend upon it '*Do as you would be done,*' should be your motto, if you want to rise in the world!—I live by humbug, and I look well and hearty, don't I?—I humbugged the Captain of a Trader to take me over to America, I looked about me there, made use of my eyes in the New World, lectured among the Yankees, though they are uncommon 'cute chaps, I tell you; I let my hair grow and called myself a German Professor; and then I humbugged another Captain to bring me back again. Now I calculate I can talk of Boston and New York, Massachusetts and Kentucky, just as much through my nose as if I was a native-born citizen, and I find it pay, for John Bull with all his dislike to foreigners, is much more easily hoaxed and beguiled by them. If opera dancers and singers were Browns and Smiths, who would care to see

them?—Humbug, sir, humbug, all is humbug!" and again he set off laughing.

I was greatly amused with the little fat man, and I laughed heartily with him. I was also pleased with the openness with which he had treated me. What part I had to play was not yet explained, but his offers were tempting to a half-starved wretch like me; and contenting myself with the idea that beggars must not be choosers, I determined to accept his bounty, join his service as a volunteer, and sail under his colors as long as I was not ashamed of them.

"'Bravo!' he exclaimed, as soon as I told him that I had made up my mind. 'You see I am not without skill, otherwise, I should never have hit upon you as being the right sort for me. Just hold the ribbons for a moment,' said he, passing the helm over to me, which was rather confusing at first, seeing that the tiller-ropes came for'rard instead of aft! He raised himself from his steerage-box, dived

down below, and brought up a stone jug of porter, and a mug.

“‘They used to call me, at home, a *wet* quaker, but I assure you I am dry enough now, ha! ha! So, we’ll drink to our future success.’

“He emptied the mug, and then re-filled it, and handed it to me.

“We kept a steady course, making but few knots an hour; but the learned man was busy all the while in putting me up to the time of day. Towards evening, we approached a small country town, and having learnt my lesson, I was furnished with some silver, and told that my prize-money would depend upon my success.

“The doctor hauled his wind, and having brought-to for me to land, I jumped out, and finished the rest of the way on foot.

“I acted according to my instructions, and followed slowly after him. I saw his chaise in the court-yard of the grand inn of the place, but I took no notice, but passed right on, and

to the very last house in the town, which happened to be a small pot-house, and entering there, with my bundle slung over my shoulder, I applied for a night's lodging, which I obtained. In the evening, I strolled out, and laughed to myself to see our blessed Union Jack floating cheek by jowl with the American ensign from a window of the inn where the Doctor's quarters were, and a crowd beneath was trying to read, under the lamp, a placard longer than my arm. I noted down a copy of it, here in my pocket-book, and you shall have it:

“ ‘ GREAT AND GLORIOUS NEWS!!!

“ ‘ Unexpected arrival of the celebrated American Phrenologist and Mesmerist and Physician, Doctor Demannaduke Washington, from Boston, in North America: Doctor of Medicine, Professor of Occult Sciences in the

celebrated University of Kentucky! Juris-Consult of the Congress of the United States!! P.P.C., Q.R.S., O.R. &c., &c., &c.

“‘Dr. Demannaduke Washington has the honor to inform the Inhabitants of ———, that he has arrived here, *for one night only!* on his way to the High Court of St. James’, whither he has been sent for, Express, by his Britannic Majesty. As he can be spared but a short time from his Native Country—the Great American Republic—he is unable to diffuse the wonders of Mesmerism and Phrenology as widely as he could wish; still, that no one (if possible) should remain in ignorance of these Great Truths, he is willing to give one Lecture, at *The Swan*, to-morrow evening, at Seven o’Clock! The next morning, as early as possible—previous to his departure—the Doctor may be Consulted (GRATUITOUSLY) on all the ills that flesh is heir to, and he will take pride and pleasure in producing, to all comers, Testimonials and Autographs of a thousand

distinguished personages, and others, on whom he has effected the MOST EXTRAORDINARY CURES !

“ ‘ RELIEF IS THUS OFFERED TO
THE MILLION!!

“ ‘ AND INTELLECTUAL

“ ‘ FOOD TO THE MASSES!!!

“ ‘ OBSERVE:—FREE, GRATIS, AND FOR NOTHING!!!!

“ ‘ N.B.—That none may plead poverty as a hindrance, and to prevent the room being crowded by idle curiosity, Threepence Each will be charged on Admittance.’

“ Having perused this very modest little bill, I separated from the crowd after listening to their remarks, and returned to my quarters. I found the tap-room full, and the great man’s

arrival was in everybody's mouth. Some of the native wise-acres were holding forth on what they believed Mesmerism and Phrenology to be. Most of them knew nothing about either, very likely had never heard their names before, but still they pronounced their disbelief in any such things, and agreed with my friend the doctor so far, 'that it was all humbug!'

“‘I tell you what my opinion is of it—if you think that worth having from one who has already been pretty nearly all over the world—it's a downright imposition and swindling concern altogether and no mistake!’ I exclaimed, raising my voice. I was going to get under weigh at daylight to-morrow morning to look up my old governor, and hand him over a bit of prize money; but, damme, if I haven't a good mind to lay off here till to-morrow night to see this here exhibition; and if so be this Doctor What's-his-name can mesmer what-d'ye-call-it me, why then in course I'm bound to believe, and will sheer off in good trim, but as

sure as a gaft-topsail aint a whale's belly, if he be a jolly humbug, I'll sarve him out !'

"This piece of swagger was violently applauded ; I instantly became A. 1. in their reckoning. I was treated with more beer than I could conveniently stow, and I took care to retire in time lest I should blow upon my profession.

"I had appointed to meet the doctor next afternoon at a lonely part of the road, in fact, where I had left his chaise the day before. I went round by the fields to avoid the high road, and found him already waiting for me. He was a wide-awake chap, that doctor, upon my life ; he, by this time, knew something of every one in the town ! His dodge was to enter the barbers' shops, and to have his hair cut in one, and his beard taken off in another. He was sure to pick up a world of news from these chatterers. He informed me that he had gained over a most valuable assistant in the shape of a pretty little chambermaid at his inn.

He winked wickedly, and chuckled all the while that he told me this. She had promised to conceal herself behind the chimney-board in the great room, and when I appeared to be overcome by his manipulations (that's the term he gave to his handy-work,) I was to fall senseless on the ground, with my head as near the chimney as possible, and if any questions were asked me, bearing on the town, she would whisper the answers in my ear, and if I was puzzled for a reply to anything, I was to groan and grumble, and utter incoherent noises.

“So far well. I returned to my ‘public’ by the same path, and waited till seven o’clock, when I—with a body of supporters, all blustering as to what they would do—repaired to ‘The Swan;’ we paid our three-pences, as in duty bound, and were admitted into the great room, usually appropriated, I believe, to the farmers’ meetings, and occasional balls. There was a great crowd already assembled, and we

had some difficulty in finding standing room, but we pushed our way towards the end, where the platform was raised, and we leaned against the walls. I observed the capacious chimney with its convenient board at the extremity of the room behind the platform, and I hoped the little chamber-maid was already at her post, but I was quite prepared to enjoy the laugh if she should fail us. The learned impostor, at length, made his appearance on the stage amidst a great clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and rattling of sticks and umbrellas. He was figged out in a smart evening suit, and shone very brightly with gold chains, and pins, and rings. He proceeded to address the meeting in a very nasal twang, which was intended to convince the audience of his being a native-born Yankee.

“ ‘Ladies and gentlemen !’ he began, bowing double to the centre and each of the sides. ‘ I calculate you already know pretty middling who I am, and therefore it is unnecessary that

I should tell you. Fame flies on cherub's wings faster than electricity dashes from the forked lightning! (Hear, hear.) 'Yes, I guess it would be rayther a remote—a benighted district, that my name has not penetrated. (Hear, hear, in several places.) By a parity of ratiocination, you have, most of you, heard of the wonderful sciences of Mesmerism and Phrenology, but with their beneficial effects, and their omnipotent powers, you are possibly but slightly acquainted! Fools and obstinate Idiots have disbelieved in their existence, because they could not understand them!'

"He then went on to state that there was phreno-mesmerism, which sent the patient into a frenzy, and there was animal-magnetism which operated on the brutes. In that last line, he had met with great success. He had sent a whole herd of Bisons to sleep in the prairies of South America, which had attacked him, also an alligator and shark, which had pur-

sued him whilst bathing in the Ohio ; he made passes at them through the water, and they immediately sunk to the bottom. Oh ! his power was endless ! If the sea was rough, he magnetised the waves, if he wanted a supply of fish, he speedily brought all the finny tribe to the surface. His operations had such effect that, on one occasion, two gudgeons actually came up and licked his hand ! (Great sensation.)

“ However you can’t possibly expect me to repeat all the big words which he had manufactured for the occasion. I could not do it, even if I were paid for it, which according to the truthful philosophy of the Doctor, is the strongest inducement in human being ! He went on a terrible long time without stopping, astonishing all the stupids with the wonders he had never done, and declaring that the only thing they required was the will to believe them.

“ Then he touched them up with a

flourish about Yankee-land, in about the same words that he first addressed me, and alluded to the flag of stars and stripes, which had been removed from the window and waved over the platform, together with 'the meteor flag of England,' as he described it, which 'for a thousand years had braved the battle and the breeze,' (here there was great applause, and most of the gentlemen rose and cried brayvo), and which he hoped would ever be found side-by-side, by sea or land, slick and spry, on as easy and friendly terms as those on which he met the respected inhabitants of — on that evening!

"Having thus cleared away all obstacles, and set his subject in a clear point of light, he prepared himself for business. He pulled off his coat and waistcoat and neckcloth, and turned up his shirt-sleeves, which process alarmed the old ladies, and set the young ones in a titter; he then announced himself ready to

operate upon any volunteer, and an arm-chair was placed for the victim. But none was forthcoming; not one of my friends who were so plucky before, offered to mount the platform!

“At last the lecturer, in an apparent fit of despair seized hold of a little boy who stood before his mother, and drew him up, saying:

“‘Let’s try you, my fine little fellow!’ but the young one roared and blubbered and struggled and got back again, to his mother’s great relief.

“The Doctor now came forward, looking all down in the mouth, and told them that he could not carry out his experiments and prove the truth of his words unless somebody submitted to his hands. All was quiet, but I saw that two or three young men who wanted to be thought dashers, were trying to screw themselves up for a bid for the chair, so I waited no longer but called out:

“ ‘ Now then ! who’s *afeard* ? I’m your man, Doctor !’

“ A way was immediately opened for me, and I stepped upon the platform amidst tremendous cheering and cries of ‘ brayvo, Jack !’ and the like.

‘ Now, your honor,’ said I, touching my hair and hitching up my trowsers, ‘ what do you want me to do ?’

“ ‘ Only to sit in that chair and keep quiet and don’t go to sleep if you can help it !’ replied the Doctor smiling, beautifully.

“ ‘ I won’t stand no nonsense, mind !’

“ ‘ Doctor Demanneduke Washington is not a person to undertake any nonsense, sir !’ said the doctor very proudly, and trying to make himself taller.

“ ‘ No, no !’—‘ Go on.’—‘ Here’s one of the right sort.’—‘ Go a-head, Doctor !’—‘ Stick to your colors, Jack.’—‘ We’ll stand by you !’ drowned any further words on our parts, so I fell into the chair amidst lots of hurraing.

“ The Doctor hushed the storm ; then you might have heard a pin drop. He began by making passes at me—as he called them—which consisted in throwing his arms at me, and flailing with his fingers in my face. The magnetic fluids were supposed to be flying out of his fingers’ ends all the time, but I grinned and shook my head as much as to say that I was not to be done in that way ! The Doctor increased his pace, and perspired profusely. He changed his handiwork sometimes, by drawing his fingers stretched out on end from my eyes downwards, just as if he had just missed scratching off the very skin from my face. After a bit, I allowed myself to wink a few—then I rubbed my nose and yawned, and I appeared gradually settling down to sleep.

“ All at once, there was a row in the room, a drunken fellow crowed out cock-a-doodle-doo, as loud as he could. I started to my feet, and looked half terrified. The Doctor turned to the people, and declared that this interruption

was very unfair, and might be a serious harm to the patient. The tippler was soon ousted, amidst cries of 'Turn him out!' 'shame! shame!' 'Fair stage and no favor!' 'Go it, ye cripples, on again—cut it short!' &c. But my learned friend informed them that he must begin again, *de novo*, and as they possibly did not understand what that meant, it had the desired effect.

"Well, we did it all over again; and then, as suddenly as possible, I started back in the chair, and remained as stiff as a poker! If I had held out any longer, little Washington must have burst, he heaved and puffed like a steamer.

"He turned round to the audience, and informed them that he was happy to say he had succeeded in throwing me into a state of somnolency, and he hoped to be able to show some of the mesmeric phenomena—excuse the hard words, Bob, but practice makes perfect!

He invited any one that chose, to mount the platform; four or five did so.

“‘You can’t wake him,’ said the Doctor, looking as bold as brass, and as confident as a Bargee above bridge, ‘do what you will.’

“One tickled my nostrils—another pulled my ear—a third put snuff up my nose, till the tears ran from my eyes; but it is wonderful how much can be borne when you are determined.

“‘Would you like to blindfold him?’ suggested the Doctor, willing to stay any further essays on my nose.

“‘Yes, yes, by all means!’ they exclaimed; and they took off their neck-cloths and bandaged my eyes, and wound handkerchiefs and scarfs round my head, enough to set up a haberdasher’s shop; and then, to crown all, one fellow, to make it snug, put an extinguisher over me, in the shape of his wife’s muff!

“‘We must allow him to breathe,’ said my

master, gently raising the pile of fur, by which means my ears were uncovered, which was all he required. Then he informed the meeting that any gentleman they might appoint should stand behind the patient, and should signify, by touching his own limbs, what corresponding ones he wished raised by the sleeper. That was done by aid of the little hems in the Doctor's throat, and seemed to impress the company very favorably.

“ At this juncture, a lady in spectacles wrote on a paper, ‘ Let us see him rise and walk.’ This being handed to the Doctor, his nose was immediately blown as a signal for me, and his hands were set in motion. Down went one of my feet—then the other, and gradually my whole body rose upright and walked. I had no great fear of damaging my figure-head, wherever I might pitch, protected as it was by a dozen wraps; so I calculated my ground pretty exactly, and fell on the floor right

before the big chimney. I groaned dreadfully for some minutes, and stretching out my arms, I felt the chimney-board close to my head.

“ ‘ Does the young gentleman belong to this town ? ’ enquired little Washington, coming forward and looking as innocent as a babe unborn ; ‘ if so, perhaps his parents or friends might wish to put some questions to him, to which I will endeavour to gain a reply. ’ ”

“ There was a dead calm for a few minutes, when up jumped a long Welshman, at the end of the room, and roared out,

“ ‘ Who put *her papy*’s head in a pipkin, and swore *hur* had had no *papy* at all ? ’ ”

“ The question seemed to make a precious stir among the townsfolk. The Doctor set to work as before, and I heard distinctly whispered in my ear—‘ Pauline Evans. ’ So, after delivering myself of many awful groans, and writhing about the floor like a snake with the mulligrubs, I at length repeated the words.

A burst of applause followed. The lady in spectacles fell into hysterics and was carried out of the room. A great many more questions were put and answered, very much to the wonder and satisfaction of the meeting. Some of the queries were written down, that I might not hear them, and handed to the Doctor—for he told them at once, that as he was no prophet, it was necessary that he should be made acquainted with the purport of them, so he read them to himself, and then took an opportunity of poking them through a little hole in the chimney-board, and Mary, the chambermaid, being provided with a light, was enabled to answer them, generally like an oracle; if she failed, I uttered the incoherent sounds, and showed symptoms of sulkiness.

“The Doctor said that if they were now satisfied he would unmesmerise me, as it might do me harm to be kept too long in that state for the first time. So he waved his hands like a fan, and blew in my face as though I was

the snuff of a candle, and having allowed himself to work in this way for some time, I showed signs of waking up. I opened one eye then the other, at last I started to my feet—gave a frightful stare, and burst into a sham fit of tears! I became more and more confused, then I looked about wildly,

“ ‘ Where am I ? ’ said I, ‘ where have I been all this time ? ’ and so forth.

“ At length I recovered, came forward, and made a little speech, and said how that I supposed that they were as much surprised as I was—that I had submitted to the test, thinking the whole matter an imposition—but that there was no mistaking such power as that! I then thanked the Doctor for making a convert of me, and hoped he was not angry at anything I might have said. He declared on the contrary that he was much obliged to me, and shook me heartily by the hand. I left the room amidst great shouting and cheering, and returned to my pot-house.

“ The exhibition of that night worked wonders in the minds of the spectators, they put strong faith in the power of mesmerism, and they argued among themselves that it was impossible, even had we been accomplices that any two strangers could be up to all the scandal of the place, even to events that had not been mentioned for years. Before the meeting broke up the Doctor begged to remind them of the necessity of an early application by those who wished to take advantage of his *gratuitous* advice, as his Majesty must not be kept waiting at the Court of St. James’, and he must be off in the course of the morning! He took the opportunity of calling their polite attention to his wonderful far-famed Herbili-dooloo, or American Regenerator, being the most wonderful discovery that ever was made for the benefit of the world. It was made of *simples* gulled (?) in Tartary and the back woods of North America!

“ ‘ Every one had heard of the extraordinary

powers of endurance of the Red *Ingians*; it was solely attributable to their chewing the leaves of an exotic, which formed the principle ingredient of the Herbilidooloo. Indeed it was a proverb in his country, why are the Red Ingians so strong in battle? 'cause why they *chews* it, plainly alluding to the wonderful effects produced by the American Regenerator. Fifteen hundred and seventy-three agents were continually employed in Tartary on the Steppes and elsewhere, in seeking for another ingredient.

“ ‘ The Tartar men and women can ride for eighteen days successively without leaving the saddle, maintaining themselves all the while on this herb, which they carry carefully in a pouch at their side, and so strictly do they conceal it, that it can only be found on their persons. Wherefore, when you hear of ‘ catching a Tartar,’ it is solely for the purpose of stripping him of the contents of his pouch.—Consult your medical men, what will they tell

you? Have nothing to do with it! To be sure they will, every body would then be his own physician, if he required one at all, and 'their occupation,' as your immortal Shakespere has observed 'will be gone!' You would then 'throw physic to the dogs,' who by the way would be too wise to pick it up. Suffer yourselves, free and enlightened Britons, no longer to be bamboozled by the Faculty, whose only object is to make you ill, that they may try to patch you up again!—To those of my hearers who may have deep-seated diseases, and alike to those who are careful of their complexion, I strongly urge the wonderful powers of the Regenerator. Muddy complexions arise from obstructions in the pores of the skin, no external washing will cleanse them, the enemy must be expelled from within.—Those facial deformities--those noxious excrescences—superfluous hairs—warts—freckles and wrinkles, are as the weeds and mole-hills and toads-tombs

which spring up in neglected soil. The Herbidooloo, like a well-conducted scavenger, thoroughly cleanses and purifies, and restores the beauty of Nature, rivalling the roses and lilies while the mouth is fragrant as a bank of violets.

“ ‘Ladies and gentlemen, I will cite a few convincing instances of its almost miraculous powers, and then leave it to your sense and propriety whether or no you will be provided with this invaluable panacea!’

“ The first case is that of Elchred Covey, an interesting little girl of eleven years of age, the daughter of a Pennsylvanian Repudiator. She was dreadfully burned by the bursting of a high-pressure boiler on board of the U.S. Steamer ‘Go-a-head.’ The nails of her feet and hands dropped off, and her back was a mass of scarification. After swallowing one bottle of The Regenerator, the wounds were healed over; and the second, the young nails

appeared at the quick! The colonel, her father, calculated that after three bottles she would be completely recovered!

“‘Mr. Amram Bone, the Editor of the Picayune Wash-pot, from excess of literary devotion, wore away the finger and thumb of his right hand, and elbow of the left arm. Two bottles of ‘The Regenerator’ set him all right. He is now prosecuting his career with redoubled zeal, and is still considered a man of parts! In gratitude for the cure, he has undertaken to advertise ‘The Regenerator’ in his leading column for the space of one year, gratis!!’

“‘John Glue, shoemaker and perambulating tinker, of Virginia, scurvy, and malignant Ichtheuosis, cured by a double bottle of The Regenerator! Likely to *stick* to his trade to the *last!!!*’

“The doctor displayed many bundles of letters and papers, which he said were written not only by distinguished Americans, but by

most of the Potentates of the old and new world. He would not trouble his hearers by reading them, but they were open to inspection to all comers.

“He thanked them, urged upon them the necessity of early calls next day, bowed and retired amidst noisy applause.”

CHAPTER XIII.

“I much fear, Bob, that you will think I am spinning a yarn longer than you bargained for? But I’ll crowd on all sail, and soon make my story good.”

“No compliments, but fire away, Dick!” said young Winton, lighting another cheroot.

“Well, here she goes—sharp’s the word—let’s see where was I? Oh! I have it. Next morning scores of flats came to consult the quack doctor; they were shown in one by one,

and kept waiting a long time all in due course. His practise was simple enough, and only veered according to circumstances. He asked lots of questions, recommended a grub-table, quite the reverse to what they had been accustomed, and then prescribed 'The Regenerator,' the number of bottles regulated according to the appearance of the patient. If a poor man, one bottle would suffice, but a bloated, blowsy old lady, with a pet dog under her arm, would be ordered as many bottles as she could carry !

"His stock-in-trade was soon disposed of, and then declaring that the court of Saint James's must not be disappointed, he ordered the fat cob, and drove rapidly away. Mary, the maid of the inn, was made quite happy by a liberal tip, and he assured her he should be back soon to marry her, provided she kept the secret.

"According to sailing orders, I awaited my partner at a bend of the road. He praised me

to the skies for playing my part so well, and then handed over to me a sum, which was greater than I expected. That evening we did not perform, being busily employed in manufacturing a fresh supply of Regenerators. He was shy about telling me of the contents of the stuff; but I insisted on my rights, and that I would not be a sleeping partner only.

“‘Well, honor among thieves,’ said he, chuckling in his fat throat, and the rogue tole me his secret. Water and sugar, a little rhubarb, and red ochre to colour it! The most difficult part of the profession was the tying-up and sealing the bottles, which were common phials, pasted round with printed directions on blue paper.

“ We continued our progress, going through our performance wherever we thought there were fools enough to make it worth our while, and avoiding large towns where our powers might be questioned. I might have been

happy enough, better off than ever, and my companion was a jolly little dog, as our tavern-bills would prove; but I felt a disgust at obtaining my living in such a sneaking, under-hand way. The Doctor offered to double my pay; but I could not bring myself to it. Honesty may not be always the best policy, but I'll be flogged if it isn't the pleasantest in the end.

“At my last appearance on his stage, I was not so *clairvoyant* (that's the proper thing) as I might have been. I ascended the platform more than nine sheets in the wind. I was terribly obstreperous; at last, the Doctor quieted me a bit, and I seated myself for the operations. I fell asleep in good earnest, until a fellow tested my somnolency by running a quill up my nose, upon which, I started up, and knocked him down. Well, there was a row in course, but it was settled amicably. I fell asleep again. Egad, if a rascal didn't come behind, and run a needle into my shoulder! I

wasn't in a humour to bear that. So I was up in a moment, and shoved the whole lot off the platform, with the Doctor upon the top of them. Then there was another row, of course, it came to a real stand-up fight. The lights were extinguished, and there was such a skrimmage—who knocks who! The constables came and cleared the decks, and the Doctor and myself were marched off to the lock-up!

“I soon fell asleep in the straw, and awoke, refreshed, just as the first gleams of sunshine peeped in through the port-hole of my cage. I made a spring at the bars which crossed it, whereby I was enabled to touch the ceiling, which I found was only lath and plaster. I soon cut a hole in it with my clasp-knife—which the greenhorn of a beadle had allowed me to retain—large enough to admit my shoulders. I then easily removed some tiles from the roof, and let myself down into a ploughed field at the back. *Cut and run*, seems always to be my luck!

“I got over the ground at full speed, without bringing up, for five or six hours, till my stomach piped for breakfast, so I obeyed the call, and turned into a public-house. I made a point of overhauling every newspaper that ever came in my way, and read carefully all through, from the first advertisement down to the printer’s name, in hopes of some day gaining tidings of my family. What would I not have given, then, for one little peep of my brother ! Well, I never lighted on their names at any time, and I determined I would go to London and see them—receive me as they might. An old map of England hung upon the fly-blown walls, I took an observation, and made out my bearings, and saw that I must run for Birmingham.

“Having shot in my locker wherewith to pay for riding, and as I was in a hurry, I shipped myself on board of a horse-coach, which dropped me, in port, in due course of time. I fought my way through the crowded streets,

following closely the heels of a fellow-passenger, who volunteered to show me the house to which he was bound. A queer, out-of-the-way, old-fashioned place it was. We entered under an archway; the yard was full of waggons and carts, piled high with furniture and boxes of all descriptions. There seemed to be a great move somewhere.

“The tap-room was full—queer looking customers were there; country bodies I guessed them, for the most part, for smock-frocks and felt hats had it all their own way. I soon found out all about it, they were emigrants. I had a long chaff with the father of one of the families, a decent sort of man enough. He told me that a grand company had been formed in London, to get rid of the greatest number of people at the least possible expense. That on applying to the agent, there at Birmingham, for the small sum of ten pounds you were provided with a passage to Van Dieman’s Land—found in provisions during the voyage, and on

arriving there, the company pledged themselves to provide employment, and to supply a portion of land for cultivation, of which they had received an immense grant from government.

“All that night my head was hard at work, and the end of it was that, the first thing in the morning, I waited on a certain Mr. Thompson—a spic-and-span smart chap—a tall, fine-looking young fellow, I must say—hair parted like a lady’s—rings and pins and chains, all complete—a terrible eye to business had he, all the same! He palavered me a good deal as to the advantage of drawing my ticket through his hands, and that he had very few of them left. I should be entitled to take my passage in the ‘Bonassus,’ one of the Company’s clinker-built, copper-bottomed, fast-sailing vessels, chartered for that purpose, and she was to sail from Bristol in a few days, and that he should be present to superintend our embarkation, and to secure our having every

comfort. I thanked him and withdrew—I with his ticket, he with my ten-pound note.

“ On my return, I found the last waggon containing the live and dead stock of those who were destined to be my companions and ship-mates for many a long day, under weigh. I joined some of the men, who were walking along-side, I found them a decent set of honest people, some of them had been farmers,—very small ones, I should say—and many labourers. Bitterly poor they were, they had scraped all their money together, and had laid it out in the purchase of their tickets, and had barely sufficient left for their subsistence on the road. Some had heavy hearts at leaving friends and the old country for ever, others looked forward with joy to another clime, misery had driven them out, ‘ there be too many mouths here !’ they said.

“ Think you I had forgotten the home of my childhood all of a sudden? Not a bit of it! I thought of it more and more. But my

great hold-fast now was, that if I could turn a jolly settler, well to do, that I might write to my dear brother to come out and join me, and we might live there in prosperity, never more to be parted.

“ We arrived at length at Bristol after a wearisome march ; I believe, though I say it, that many of my brother emigrants would have all but starved if it had not been for me, or rather for the Doctor’s ill-gotten gains ! We could not find the grand Emigration Company’s offices ; we enquired further, no such company had been heard of—we thought them a stupid set, those Bristol people—No one even knew our Mr. Thompson ! Well, we went to the port and looked up the shipping, there was no such a vessel as the ‘ Bonassus ! ’ There was a ship loading for Van Dieman’s Land, I hailed them on board, but all the reply I received was that they knew nothing of the ‘ Bonassus,’ but they thought I had been made an ass of !

“ And so I had, and so were we all ! Poor miserable wretches stripped of their rags ! We had been swindled by that crimping land-pirate, that cursed long-legged shark Thompson ! If ever I clap my eyes upon the scoundrel, it will save the country the price of his rope, be d—d to him !

“ It would have made your heart ache to see the misery he had caused ! There was no place for them to shelter themselves, they had given up their houses, those who had any, and sacrificed their little all for this their last voyage ! I helped them as long as my little store held out, and they raised a little money by the sale of their valuables, old chairs, tables and kettles, with which they had flattered themselves that they were to make rather a handsome appearance in their adopted country ! The little children were crying for food, but Providence did not desert us.

“ The Mayor started off police-officers to Birmingham, to look after the miscreant Thomp-

son, but I expect he was too sharp to stay to be grabbed. Then the ladies, bless their gentle hearts! blow me, if they did us a mortal wrong at first by getting into trouble, they have more than made amends for it ever since!—as soon as they heard of our distress, they came among us like angels, with food, and clothing, and comfort, and consolation. A subscription was set on foot, and in a couple of days, sufficient was collected to provide us all with a passage in the vessel which I mentioned was about to sail, and also to furnish us with a small sum on landing, that we might stave off the evils which we had just encountered.

“ Misery and want happens daily I know, we read of them every day, and we don’t heed them much. But to have them brought home to you, under your very eyes and nose, and to feel them yourself is quite another thing. If ever I get better off in the world, I hope I may never forget what I have suffered !

“ So we left our country in the good ship

‘Polly Watts,’ at our country’s expense, and like many others—who have crossed the her-ring-pond before us—probably for our country’s good!

“One fine morning we got under weigh, all in high spirits. A spanking breeze took us down the channel. All bid fair. I was amongst the steerage passengers, and we were packed pretty tightly, I assure you. Soon we were playing a pretty game at pitch and toss in the Bay of Biscay. The landsmen expected the vessel every minute to be capsized, but it only upset their stomachs, and played old gooseberry with the women and children. After this we encountered some severe weather, and for three days and nights we scudded under bare poles; but we were soon driven into warmer climes, and then we lost the wind altogether, and we were frequently becalmed on the line. Our sufferings from the heat were great; we were stowed as closely as Africans in a slaver; there was no order among the

emigrants and they were perpetually at logger-heads one with another.

“A child fell sick—there was no surgeon appointed to the ship—but as good luck would have it, there was a young doctor, a cabin passenger, going to settle somewhere. He came and looked at the little one, and he pronounced her to be seized with typhus fever!

“There was such a row among the mothers! I really believe in their anxiety for their own bairns, they would have tossed the little sufferer over-board. I allow that no one felt more comfortable for the discovery. Everybody was ordered to keep aloof as much as possible from the sick berth, but the mother never, for a moment, left its side, until it died—it was her only child! The disease gained ground fearfully, the doctor said there was no stopping it. No precautions had been taken in case of sickness, there were not even any medicines except in the doctor’s private chest.

“The mother of that child was the next

victim, and the husband was left to mourn alone, and begin his new life as a solitary struggler. Bad weather added to our misery. We were not allowed to land at St. Helena, nor at the Cape, and then we came in for our share of real Cape weather. For one whole week we lay under battened hatches—picture to yourself the situation of those who were huddled together below, notwithstanding that our numbers were greatly diminished, but there we were enclosed among the dead and dying! Some were frantic with fear, others were praying to be released from their sufferings.

“The ‘Polly-Watts’ behaved very well, considering she was an old lady; however, she contrived to spring a leak, which was not surprising, and she made seven or eight inches an hour, so that we had to work constantly at the pumps. In those gales, two of the crew were washed off the deck, and the sole remaining child on board breathed her last.

“The salt junk, the heat below, the fright of some, and the exertion and anxieties of all, produced a thirst which was almost intolerable. But the water, for some reason or other, was undrinkable, perhaps, from the bungs of the casks having been kept in. Some of the men went down into the hold with a light, to open the last cask, when the gas, or something like it, fizzed off like a flash of lightning, and knocked them down, and we may thank our stars that fire did not put the finishing stroke upon us all.

“At last, down went the wind, and the waves consequently ceased to break over us, the elements required rest, I suppose, as much as we did. Abundance of rain fell, we spread our sails and awning, and filled everything that would hold water, and refreshing it was to our parched mouths, although it tasted pretty freely of tar!

“The fever went on briskly at its work of destruction. There was fear lest there should

not be hands sufficient to work the ship. I took my turn, and kept my regular watches, and was able to be of some service; but the rest of the passengers were landsmen, who had never seen the sea before, and were of little use.

“I was aloft one afternoon, about to lay out on the top-sail yard to assist in taking in a reef; all at once I was seized with giddiness, and I thought the ship was spinning round. I kept fast hold of the shrouds to steady myself and it was as much as I could do to reach the deck. I was in for it—typhus had laid hold of me, and I thought that the sharks would be soon treated to what there was left of me—but I turned up again like a bad ha’porth; I was terribly weak though, for I had a sharpish time of it, and could only creep about. The skipper and the doctor had a turn of it, although, perhaps, they were not handled over roughly. I must say that the women ought to have put us all to the blush, for they bore

up so wonderfully. When stout hearts appeared sinking, their pluck seemed to rise, and when men despaired, they raised their energies and kept the crew to their duty.

“At length, ‘land’ was sung out by the look-out at the mast-head, and ghastly forms of men and women appeared one by one to catch the first glimpse of their promised land. That sound was like music to them, after being pent up in that ill-found little vessel for more than a hundred days.

“It was growing dusk and the wind was against us, as we came in sight of Hobart Town, so we brought up for the night. The royal and top-gallant sails were stowed, the top-sail halyards eased down—we were ordered to stand by the anchor and let her go, and there was an end of the emigrants’ voyage.

“Next day we landed, and you never saw such miserable looking objects. The demand for labour must be great in the colony, thought I, if such half-starved, weak creatures can find engagements. I saw the kind-hearted doctor

step ashore—he had never spared himself in attendance on the sick—as broken-hearted a man as was ever seen, his wife and two children had been taken away from him, and he stood alone in a new world!

“ I soon found that my condition was not mended—I had mistaken my line,—I was never intended for a *settler*, for I could never remain on one spot like a leopard, and to say truth, the salt water, with all the ill-luck that I had had upon it, was much more to my taste. The best offer of employment that I could obtain, was to go far inland to be a night-watchman over the flocks of some enterprising Squatter. For a quiet, steady man of few words, the situation might offer many advantages, as barring the convicts and kangaroos, you are not likely to be disturbed, except by an occasional mob of natives, and they consider a shepherd as good eating as a sheep, rather the best of the two I believe. The wages were twelve pounds a year and find yourself; your

provisions you must buy of your master, who of course may ask exactly what he chooses! I began to think that I had broken up partnership too soon with that little fat rogue Washington!

“ A Dutchman, whom I fell in with there, told me once:

“ ‘ They have called right this country—it is *Von Demon’s Land* !’

“ A longing desire for home and England seized me again. I entered a public-house and called for a glass of beer, they could only sell it by the bottle; I thought I could manage that, I soon emptied it. What’s to pay?

“ ‘ Ten shillings.’

“ ‘ Ten shillings?’

“ ‘ Yes, ten shillings, and you’re lucky to get it at that price, there are only three more bottles in the town!’

“ That was quite sufficient for me, a *settler* I may say, my mind was instantly made up to lose no time in quitting a place where you could

not drink a glass of beer under ten shillings ! So I luckily was able to ship on board a bark homeward bound and short of hands, which bore me away from the land of eternal mutton chops and *dampers* (as they call their bread), to say nothing of the treat of black cockatoo pie ! *

“ I worked my passage home, and reached land safely, strange to say for me, without encountering storms or any calamities ; I landed in England poorer, except in hardships and labour, than when I left it.

“ Little more remains to be told. My first start on my arrival was for London. I made at once for the old house, but its face was so altered that I scarcely recognized it, and I walked round to the back before I could be sure of it. With a shaking hand I rang the bell, and then sought the knocker, but a strange name was there on brass,—

* Vide “ Stories of the Colonies.”

MR. ISINGLASS, CHIROPEDIST.

The door opened and a servant, all the while shuffling on a gaudy livery-coat, mistook me for a patient, and bowed and said his master was at home—but when he found that my enquiries were for *Horn* and not *Corn*, he knew nothing about the matter, and impatiently slammed the door in my face!—I went to a baker's close by, where we used to deal, but the old people were gone and these were new comers, they just recollected to have heard the name, and thought that the family were all dead! They kept a sharp look-out on the loaves while I was there, and put an end to my questions as soon as they could.

“ Foiled so far, but determined in my purpose, I set off for Sandford. I arrived there late in the evening, pretty well fagged with the march. I saw again ‘The Retreat,’ and my heart beat wildly. I walked all round it, but I saw no lights, it seemed shut up and empty. On looking through the Lodge-gates, there

was just light enough for me to distinguish a hatchment over the entrance.

“ Was I just too late for my father’s or mother’s or brother’s funeral ?—I ran away to the churchyard ; by the moon’s fitful light, I searched for new tombs and their inscriptions, but it was too dark to read.—I entered the ‘ Jolly Rovers,’ I believe there was no one there that would recognize me. I waited anxiously, till at last I could enquire about the big-house without rousing suspicion. I then learned that the place had passed into other hands, and that my family had been lost sight of for many years ! I found means afterwards to bring forward your name, and my joy was great when I heard that the brig of which you were mate might be expected up every day.

“ Next day, the first thing, I was off to ‘ The Retreat ’ again—surveyed it on all sides, and could not resist pulling the bell to ask for admittance. To my great surprise, your mother appeared in answer to my summons. I knew

her at once, but she seemed to have no recollection of me, which was a great relief. I requested her permission to inspect the grounds, but she replied that she had strict directions not to admit any one without an order. I perceived that she eyed me curiously, no doubt she was puzzled in her mind, as to the motive of such a miserable tatterdemalion to inspect the grounds. I hesitated for a moment—pride got the upper-hand, and I walked away.

“I made my way down to the Thames, intending to have another look at ‘The Retreat,’ from the lower gates. I stood there, I know not how long, lost in thought, till aroused by a faint scream. On looking up, I perceived that I was an object of terror to a party of ladies, accompanied by a young man, who were just emerging from one of the shrubberies, so I started off as quickly as I could. Day after day, I waited for you. I confess it with shame, now, for the first time I seriously

thought of making away with myself. My lot seemed so hopeless—I felt so friendless, so desolate—I had struggled manfully with fate ; but the fight was over ! If I drop into that stream, no one will miss me—no one regret me—and there will be an end of my troubles. Will there ? I turned my head sharply, for I almost thought somebody behind me had put that question. There was no one that I could see, so, unless it was Poor Jack’s little cherub up aloft, I must have dreamt it.

“I rose up, and, I knew not by what impulse, I walked again towards ‘The Retreat,’ passing under the lower road, and took my station at the iron gate. I pushed my nose through the bars, and lost myself in a dream of contemplation. There was the very branch of the tree on which we little fellows used to swing one another—when, there stood before me the gentleman who was with the ladies whom I frightened ! He seemed struck all of a heap at seeing me there again. At last, he spoke to

me and enquired what I wanted. He opened the gates to let me in—curious to detect my object. Once more in that garden—every spot familiar to me, and crowding on my mind the memories of the past——Bob! excuse my weakness!—I can't help it!——this was my brother—my long lost brother!—just become the purchaser of the property! Joy, joy was again in my heart! I was not alone in the world—I was not friendless any more, the brother of my hopes was there—I was bewildered and threw myself into his arms! But he received me with coldness—he recognized me first, but he did not own me! He treated me as a stranger—worse, as a beggar! It was his wife I had terrified—but for the last time, as we meet no more! That hope that has hitherto sustained me is perished and gone for ever!

“Had I no temptation as I sat again by that silent stream, flowing away on its course so gently? This last blow put the crown on all my sorrows. Hunger, thirst, shipwreck, I have

borne, and could bear again—but this is beyond my endurance! I had but a pittance left in my pocket—I had skulked about by day, and slept where I could at night—if I could but see you first, I would then depart, never more to haunt this place again.

“I heard a boat splash up alongside the jetty; my heart beat, I jumped up, and ran to see—yes, this must be you! I waited till you were alone—and you know the rest.

“Bob, my boy, you have had a long yarn—longer than you bargained for—but I am all the lighter for it. You are as fine a fellow as ever I thought you, for keeping your eyes open so long. As you have made an end of the cheeroots, you’d better put the miseries of Dick Horn into your pipe and smoke them, and without wishing for any *returns*, I’ll wager that you’ll be saved in baccy for a long time to come!”

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